THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LXIII, No. 9 February 1, 1930

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The Gist of It

AMERICANS know WILLIAM BOLITHO chiefly through his column in The New York World and his recent volume, Twelve Against the Gods, which leaped almost overnight into the little shelf of serious books which are best sellers. But he is primarily an international journalist, and his study of the gangsters of Chicago is made against a background of intimate knowledge of crime and criminals in London and Paris, of Chicago policemen against the constables of Scotland Yard and the gendarmes of the Sureté. He sees the drama of the sons of European villagers faced with the imperial riches of State Street, the inevitable outcome of an American philosophy which no longer boasts that any boy may become president, but that any young man may get rich quick. The first of a series of three articles, on page 501. Survey Associates was enabled to commission Mr. Bolitho to make this unique appraisal, through the gift of Mrs. Emmons Blaine.

IF the three million who are unemployed today could be set to work tomorrow and kept at their benches and looms and lathes and what-not for the full year, there would be some five billion dollars more earned and spent and—presto, there would be the assured good times we all seek and the security that makes life worth living for a workingman and his family. Philadelphia has set about showing how it can be done through an Institute for the Regularization of Employment. The story is told by MORRIS E. LEEDS, that conscientious and long-headed Quaker employer whose own story was told to Graphic readers in a series of articles by Robert W. Bruère (1928). Page 507.

HUMAN nature bubbles up irrepressibly in the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations, and in the work of the court referee, MARY EDNA MCCHRISTIE, who is setting forth in short-story form the outstanding causes of divorce in some two hundred cases which have gone through her hands. In That Blamed Old Fool (October), it was the elderly man and the manicure girl; in The Mother Clutch (December), the villain of the piece was named in the title; in Peg's Permanent (page 510) the irresponsible masher has the leading part; in later issues there will be other actors, all of them drawn from life and court records, to fill Miss McChristie's romantic cast.

THE Russell Sage Foundation's Department of Industrial Studies has from its inception been under the competent direction of MARY VAN KLEECK. Starting with studies, and accompanying volumes, on millinery, dressmaking and other trades chiefly followed by women, the department has gone on to broader fields of inquiry, notably the various plans looking toward a more democratic control of industry. These ranged from mines and factories to the retail trade, and she evaluates on page 517 what has happened, under the press of corporate expansion, to the Filene plan of employe cooperation in a great department store.

PERHAPS the best evidence that "a new day for the Indians" has in fact dawned is to be found in the friendly cooperation of the Indian Bureau at Washington and the American Indian Defense Association. For a decade JOHN COLLIER, secretary of the association, has been the government's most trenchant critic. Today he is working with Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood. His discussion of allotment (page 519) gets at what is perhaps the chief cause of the increasingly complete divorce of the Indian from his native land.

AS a part of his work on the faculty of the Adult Education Department of the 1929 summer session of the University of California, HUBERT PHILLIPS was in charge of the delightful delving below the surface of modern California, which he describes on page 524. His background comprises graduation from the University of Chattanooga and Columbia, teaching for several years in the mountain schools of the South, and (his major position) the associate professorship of social science at Fresno State Teachers College.

WHAT happens to drug stores when drugs become a side-line is discussed on page 526 by T. SWANN HARDING, who is a research chemist, editor of scientific publications for the federal Department of Agriculture, and a frequent contributor to the magazines on scientific and general topics. His present article is condensed from the chapter of a forthcoming book on the scientific disorganization of medicine. A volume of humor by Mr. Harding, entitled Aren't Men Rascals? will be published next month by the Dial Press.

SNOW BIRD is the altogether delightful story of the itinerant telephone linemen—the skilled fellows with steel spurs on their ankles, who wander north and south with the migratory birds. H. R. LUCK was raised in telephone outfits in the old South and the Southwest, by a father who constructed "independent" plants. He went to war with a telegraph battalion, to the University of California, and is now in the advertising business in San Francisco. The story of Steve and Whitey (page 531) is based on a winter spent in central Texas as timekeeper for a telephone toll-construction crew made up almost entirely of those snow birds in whom the author finds the industrial equivalent of the pioneers who moved on ever ahead of a settled life.

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From the Metropolis of Tomorrow, by Hugh Ferriss, published by Ives Washburn

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE BUILDING

"Something in the arrangement of this city of towers is almost operatic; at night the glittering sky-signs and the dazzling crowds seem to be unattached to the earth. There is a strange quality in the air of unstagnancy and bubble"

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The Psychosis of the Gang

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

CHICAGO is to be explained as a frontier—Doctor Alfred Adler told me on his first return. Here indeed passes not only a geographic boundary, but the surf line, the creative fringe of the social progression of humanity. In a dozen things that concern the whole race, from town planning to law-mechanics, here is the border; the locality of victory and defeat.

Few matters of universal importance escape nowadays humanity's eager attention, because of the newspaper system. But (partly because that system is more nearly related to literature than science), nearly always the big news is worked into one of the two ancient artistic forms of melodrama or farce. In something the same way, for example, all popular thinking on love tends either to be sentimental or "smutty." It is not therefore singular that the huge social happening which is Chicago is regarded by the main part of humanity as half comical and half terrible, each by turn. It is impersonated by the typical figure of the Gangster. He has replaced to some extent in the corporate imagination the now fading figures of the Italian bandit and the Paris Apache. The peasants who are my neighbors in a corner of southern France, have heard of him; and perhaps there is not a corner of Europe or modernized Asia that does not reflexly associate the place and the figure. By a very curious trick of publicity, and sometimes to the distress and bewilderment of its operators, propaganda does get out of hand in this way. A good story, in the technical sense, suddenly transforms itself into universal legend or superstition; something like this happened to England, where the brilliant Tory attacks on the Unemployment Assurance Scheme, helped by the invention of the too good catch-word "dole," has grown into a superstition very damaging to the reputation of the whole country, which it will probably take generations to eradicate.

So to the whole world, except to a few of the native Chicago millions themselves, by the artistic unity which the press (and the reform party) gave to the whole mass of delinquency facts in the city, there has come a vision of a great civic community absolutely in the power of an organized criminal class. It is held as faith that life is daily at the mercy there of the problematic grace of armed bandits. That property can only be held and any trade carried on by payment of blackmail to the ruling assassins, who are organized under a wicked hierarchy culminating in a sort of emperor. Police, politicians, in this imaginative nightmare, are either servile or actively criminal—and so on for the whole picture which you know so well. So that there must be many people in the world, and even in America, who would receive as an outrageous untruth the news that there are still prosperous jewelers, banks, and even shop-windows in Chicago.

In a diagnosis, I suppose that the examiner looks first at the physical aspect of his patient. A rosy skin and a bright eye, erect bearing, and alert voice must have some influence on his view of the seriousness of the case. For all, and no more than that look would be worth, I mention that Chicago does not look like the dying city of the legend. I have seen such cities; it is a very unforgettable sight: the deserted streets, the shop-windows in which are mere dumps of rubbishy goods, above all the unswept streets and the blizzards of dirty newspaper sheets that blow up and down with the wind. I have seen great cities in the throes of revolution, when there was less pillaging than is supposed to go

Chicago Against the Gods

The "incomparable Bolitho" they call him—William Bolitho, the South African, trench-bomber during the war and thereafter. The Manchester Guardian's correspondent with all Europe as his beat; the slashing critic of Fascism and the biographer, in his recent book, Twelve Men Against the Gods, of the great adventurers of the world from Alexander to Woodrow Wilson. But beyond that he is an expert on crime, and in a series of three articles will treat of the human stuff that goes into the Chicago gangsters and their group significance as urban rebels; the racket; and the police net, the scheme by which a democracy sets out to keep them in leash—against his background of London and Paris.

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on daily in Chicago; and Chicago does not in the least resemble any of them.

The lake shore sight of it, in fact, is one of the glories of civilization. The fanciful images of future cities architects draw for us from their visions, all fall short of the reality of the Chicago that is built up like a proscenium to the lake. Something in the arrangement of this city of towers is almost operatic: the orchestra of the wind blows the railroad vapors and mists across its face, up from the footlights, so that at night the glittering sky-signs, and the dazzling crowds seem to be unattached to the earth. There is a strange quality in the air of unstagnancy and bubble; as if it had a higher stimulant content even than the energizing New York itself.

THE inhabitants, in this champagne atmosphere, could hardly be slovenly. Unfortunately, as every foreigner discovers with some irrational feeling of disappointment, they have not done away yet with the smoke nuisance; especially round the Loop district, mighty central nucleus, which a raised railway encloses like a hub, there is much that is grimy and sooty. But the streets, if not the house-fronts and the blind alleys, are swept like a Dutch kitchen. The traffic is shining and new; most of the people well dressed, and one has an impression that more of them are in a good humor than in the hard-pressed hordes of New York.

On the whole, then, the impression is one of boundless prosperity, and exhilaration of life in a very noble and spacious city.

I should think that the best and most advantageous time to observe these crowds was exactly that which good fortune set me, during the weeks before Christmas. I can remember two phases best, the really astonishing luxury of the window displays in the plate glass of the Loop, and the physiognomy of the crowd of women shoppers that flowed in a slow, thick stream past them from morning to night. The latest fancy of rich, aristocratic women in Paris and Vienna; jewelers' shops like the Rue de la Paix; table furnishings of carved crystal from Stockholm; English luxuries of clothing and the dressing-room for men from Jermyn Street and Piccadilly; everything that the whole world has to offer the rich were on display, without the least trace of provincialism or dowdiness.

This was the show they had come to see, and the contrast of many of these women to the display was interesting. For there was obviously a great proportion of them who showed in the very formation of their bodies the primitive peasantry of their stock. In New York, the large infusion of slim Jewish girls composes a quite different shopping crowd. Here in their broad shoulders, their stiffness of walk, the very conformation of their bones often, was apparent the strictly rural, strictly agricultural centuries of their ancestry. Huge Norwegian women, bred for fishing since the Stone Age, Poles and Ruthenians made for the plough, and with a thickness and density of sheer bone it will take generations of softer, more human life, to breed out.

And so here, more than anywhere in America I have visited, was a clear statement of historical meaning; these hundreds of thousands of women with the luxuries of the world within a glass half-inch of them. Chicago is the vast experience of taking the common people of Europe, not from the cities but from the countries, from lost heaths, from forest clearings for all I know, from myriads of villages all the way from Wales to Lithuania, where they have lived hardly more comfortably than their oxen, since the beginning of the history of the white race until this time; and placing them within sight of imperial wealth, and giving them the hope of enjoying it. Chicago is the denouement of all the folk tales of Europe; the peasantry competing for the hand of the princess.

THEN, in Chicago, there is a transported peasantry; the air, the hope and vision of wealth. Whatever happens must be dramatic.

The special form in which this drama, as intense certainly as that of the march of the old hordes on Rome, is conceived by the people themselves, at any rate the males, is perhaps that of the great prize-fight. Such an event as the Dempsey-Tunney match may well be the first concrete idea a raw immigrant gets of what it is all about. Fight—and the

Pacific & Atlantic photo

"The fanciful images of future cities that architects draw for us from their visions, all fall short of the reality of the Chicago that is built up like a proscenium to the lake"

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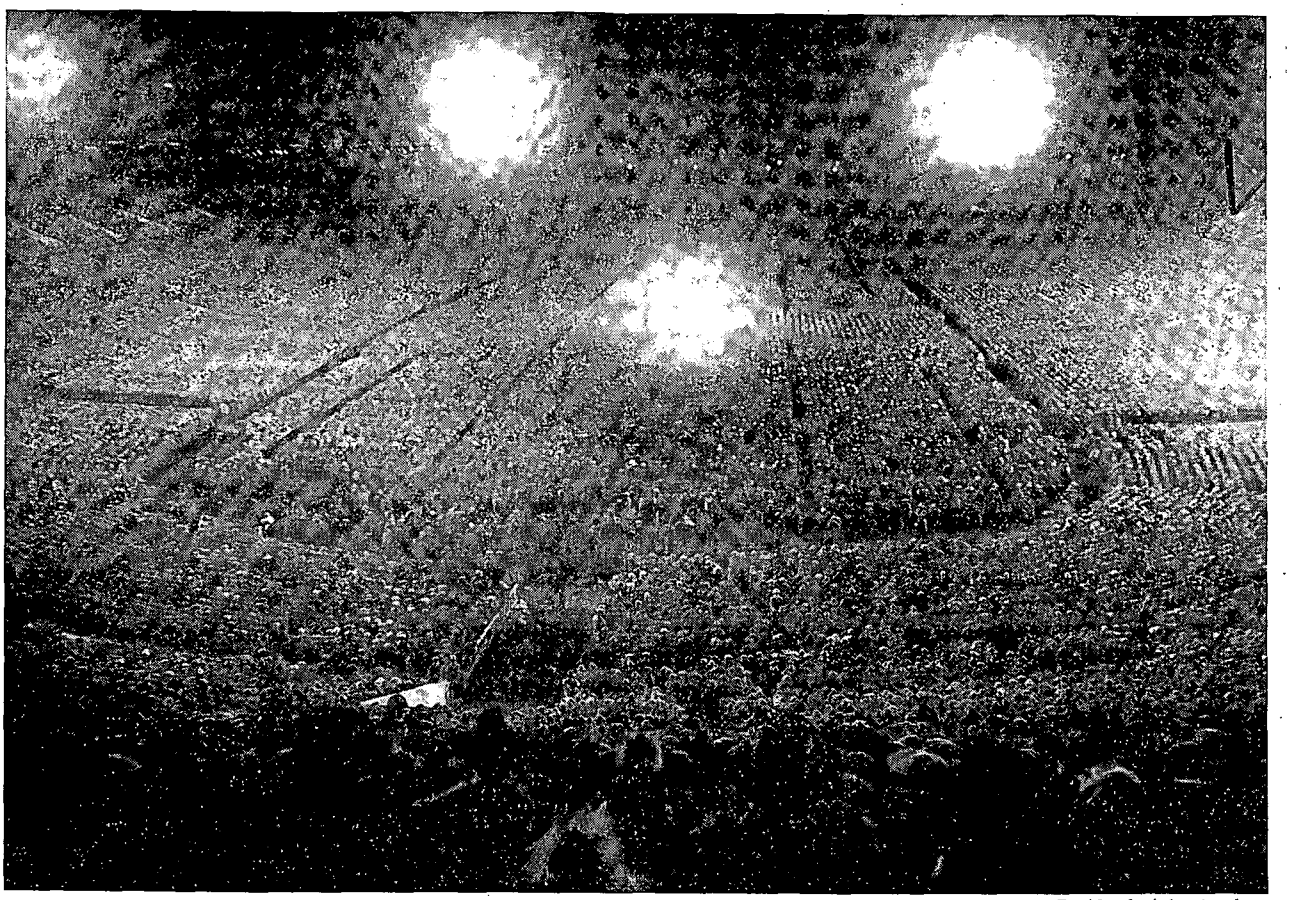

Pacific & Atlantic photo

"Dempsey vs. Tunney . . . a fight for a million dollars. It made life worth living to have seen that; and a ringside seat that night meant more to hundreds of thousands than a job as congressman"

winner will receive a million dollars! I do not need to restate how potent a wish-formula the ring has become to the modern proletariat; it is their theater, their central myth, their primary cultural set. Legends such as "how the referee miscounted in the great fight" replace the worn out stories of gods and fairies they brought over with them. The boys especially are learned in these things.

To see that particular apotheosis, Dempsey vs. Tunney, record crowds of men and boys came together. Much indeed of the vague human plasma you see there understood nothing in America so well, and a good many of them understood hardly anything beside. A fight for a million dollars —it made life worth living to have seen that, and a ringside seat that night meant more to hundreds of thousands than a job as congressman. You notice in the photograph, the hatching, the straight lines ruled as it were across this living mass. They are of course the passage-ways, necessary so that the audience can go to the exact seats for which they have paid; so that they may have a chance of escaping in case of fire or panic; so that they can get out anyway when all is over. Each of them means, in this little parable, space lost to the promoters, a restraint on the part of those behind from pushing a few yards further to what they adored. I think this photograph would serve even in elementary schools as the best graphic representation of law, laid criss-cross over the mob. The gangways and the plate glass stand between the banquet of life set out in Chicago and the thousand-years hunger of the mob.

Now in this world of four and a half million people, in this city which in ninety years has towered out of the primal mud of a fen, let us turn our attention to a focus. Since this is a panorama of life, that focus will be youth. The immigrant parents will in most cases be content with a Pisgah sight, a plate-window view; they will find jobs, be exploited, accommodate themselves to an alien police and an unknown language as they may, enjoy their first ecstasy of hope as long as they can, and for the rest of their lives feel the melancholy of exile. Their children are different. The piece is staged for them.

There are special areas reserved for the newcomers to Chicago, naturally the oldest, dirtiest, blackest, most miserable quarters. They have all been charted as carefully as the floor of New York harbor. The two principal slum areas are, let us say, in an arc round that Loop, and south of the Stockyards. Here are the spawning grounds of the invasion. Here, as soon as they arrived, each peasant group was shepherded. Here they settled, and here their children were born and grew up.

NOW in the first place, I consider from observation, these "next generation" children of Chicago are born with life force at even higher temperature than elsewhere. Ask climatologists and those psychoanalysts who teach that the parents' spiritual atmosphere, by some mental osmosis, transmits to growing babies, to consult as to the reason. I have seen, at the corner of the Drake Hotel and the boulevard where the record blizzard struck the corner, mere infants of Chicago stand for hours, the same children, amusing themselves with getting blown off their feet, holding on to the lamp-post.

Now these children of those parents grow up in the slums. We will mention two sorts of slums, the black, high, dark

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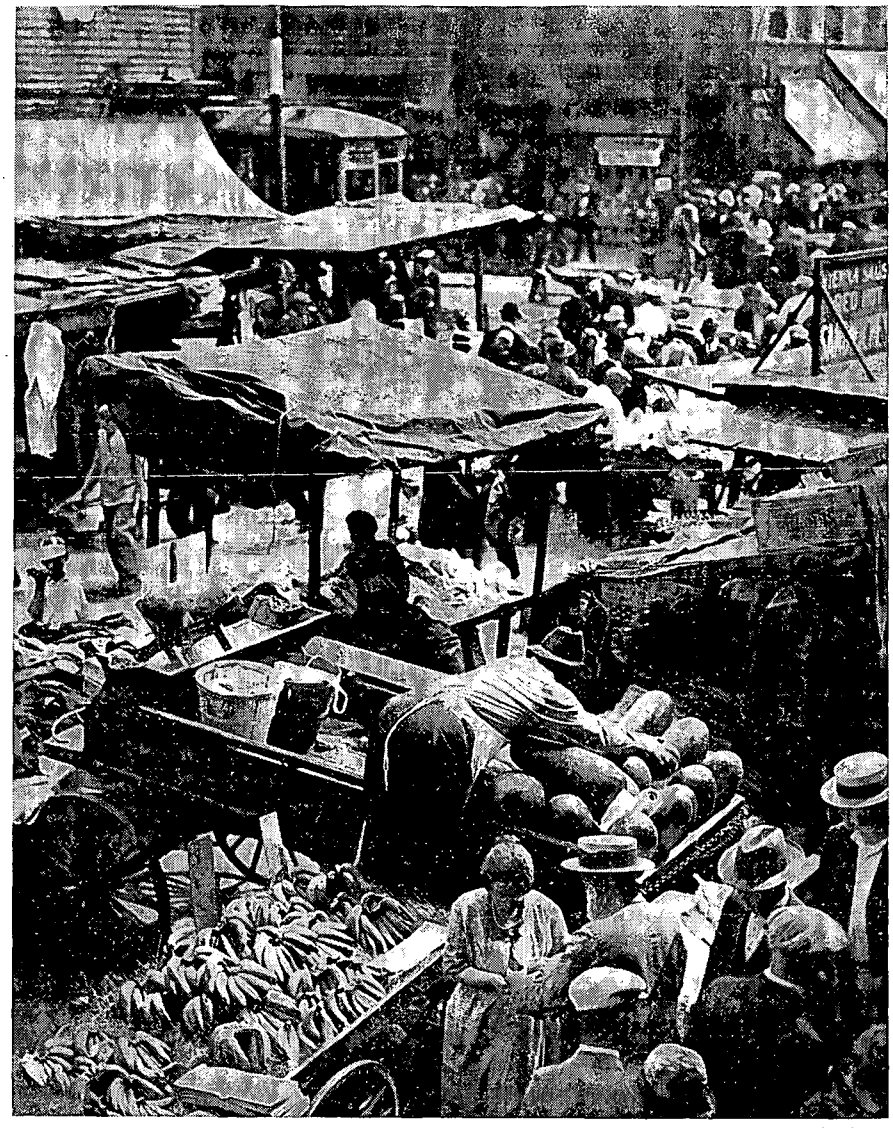
places round the Loop, and the windy shacks, almost countrified, that step up to the viscous mud roads south of the Stockyards. In each case, the vital thing perhaps is that they enjoy themselves. In the whole Chicago complexity you are to see life in revolting action against inorganic constraint. So here at the beginning of the gang problem, where over the indomitable force is laid the conscription of circumstances: a city life on peasants, poverty, dirt, hot or biting winds instead of open air, lack of all prettiness or mechanism—the spectacle is one of victorious reaction. Life conquers rather easily in the slum life of Chicago.

It is true that good adults exaggerate—that almost all children would vastly prefer the Chicago slums to any gravelled playyards. It is the hackneyed fable of the lapdog and the mongrel. Round the Loop is mystery, shadows and smells, the entirely human detritus that is more satisfying to a young human mind than whole areas of dumb nature; ash-cans, cats prowling, the eternally interesting traffic stream, things to be found, things worn out. Near the Stockyards, there is first of all that palisade, high and hedged with wire, which is almost august in its suggestiveness to the primitive mind. The simplest image of romance is a wall behind which something unseen is happening. And down there are the waste plots, breast-high to a ten-year-old in summer with prairie weed, and in winter delectable continents for the mind, covered with stiff, dead stalks which conceal under them many a hoard of iron and tin, as tempting to little explorers as the back-street London was to young deQuincey. Let us make no sentimental mistake: there is no model playground ever invented which can compare in fascination to the jungles of a neglected, weed-grown building block. "There is a field, of many, one."

The boys pass here enchanted childhoods. One of the great theoretical difficulties to my mind of the social prophylaxia of the infant gangster, is the perfectly delightful life he naturally has and the consequent difficulty of providing him with an equivalent. How faded and tame are the mere thought-constructions, the intellectualizations, however clever, Boy Scouting, all the social workers' devices, beside the raw, pungent result of the natural handicraft of life, on the raw materials of a slum. . . . It is astonishing that the substitution sometimes succeeds, as Dr. Thrasher, in his excellent work, The Gang, bears witness.

Now in this life, shot through with natural romance, gradually arise the indigenous flora of social life. In the first place there is the parental, social pattern, which as has been noted, is most often that of some European ageless old village. Leave this for the moment. Then there is, practically simultaneously, the still older organization, the boy society, older even than any crumbling village culture—that universal anachronism, vaguely communist, nomadic probably, the way men lived before the invention of the plough, that in phylogenesis all boyhood repeats. The village code is an anachronism in Chicago. The boy code is an anachronism even in the back-lands of Poland.



Underwood photo

"Chicago is the vast experience of taking the common people of Europe from myriads of villages . . . and placing them within sight of imperial wealth"

He begins in his games to reconstitute the social history of the world. Among six-year-olds the boy gang appears. The toddler seeks his equals, in a blind drive, because primitive thinking is a social process, and because the initial drive of the imagination is exhausted. He wants to belong. He must play something more than solitaire. He is hungry, progressively, for tradition, for support for his naive imagination. He begins to play games, cops and thieves, tag, ballgames: to learn and obey laws, merely because life which has only one direction is ecstatically at work on him. The simple poetry of the baby's lonely satisfactions is replaced by the drama of "regular games." What a marvelous playground for games, too, is a Chicago slum, in the odorous evenings of summer or mouching together in autumn, or stealing rides beyond the world's rim, as far as the streetcar goes; or battling in the miniature epics of the snow. So he grows.

Now this is the place in a gangster's life to find the

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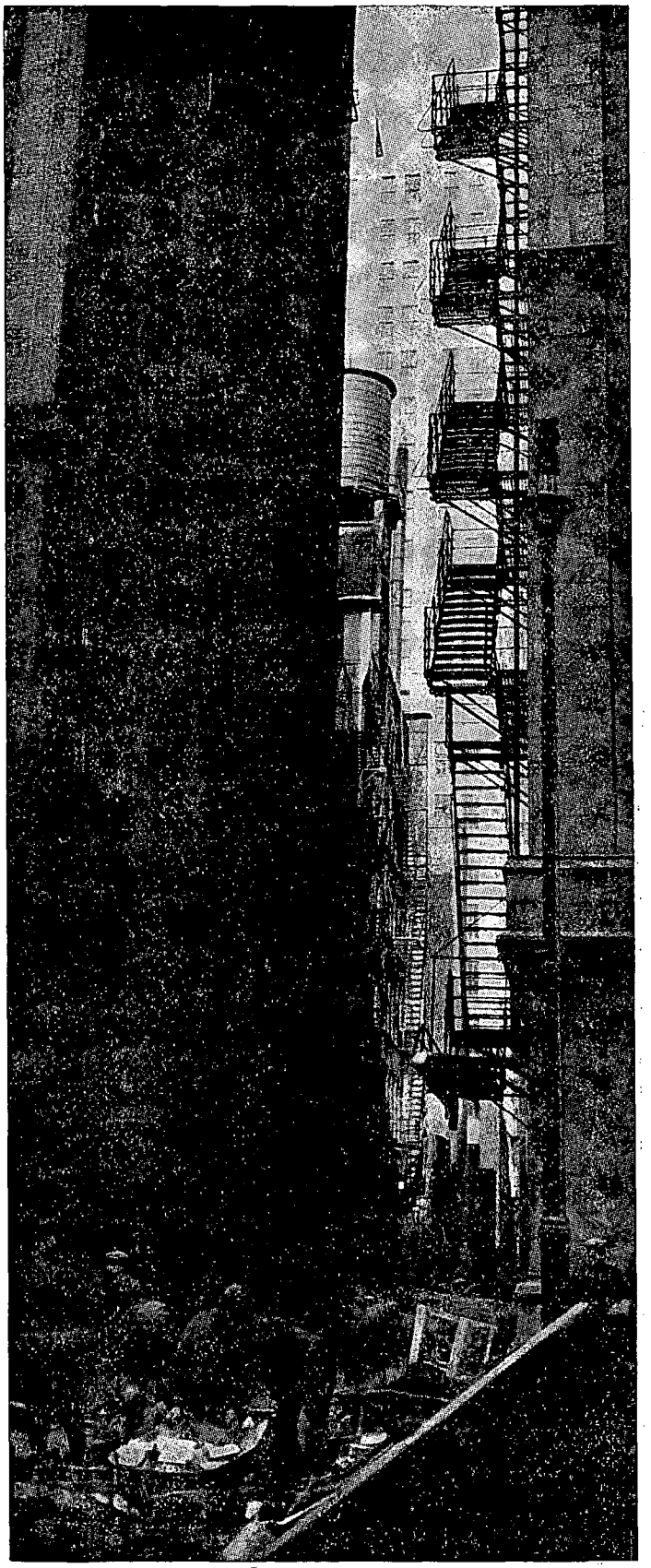
intimate secrets of his character; for as a general phenomenon, he never grows beyond it. Here is where he found his "code": gang loyalty, the stigma on "squeaking"; these he heard about before he was thirteen. Here he first learnt his dogged acquiescence in the institution of theft. It may well, often, have been, as Dr. Thrasher suggests, that it first came from the (anachronistic) ways of his parents. The initial theft, in Chicago, is quite usually one of coal, fallen on the track from passing wagons, or indeed anything of consumption value, taken—this is the significant thing—only it must be from a mass, and from an impersonal owner. To this sometimes his parents have sent him, often encouraged him.

All crime, in the deepest analysis, is anachronistic behavior. There is always a code. But it is an old-fashioned one. The raper may behave a hundred thousand years back; the coal looting of Chicago is simply the old-fashioned "gleaning" of backward, rural Europe. Possibly, it may even be a reminiscence of some complicated village communism, such as the Basuto still practice. But in any case, it is what Ruth did, with the tacit approval of the Almighty, and which the Christian Church has repeatedly hallowed in the Middle Ages. Was not the Blessed Bernadette Soubirous herself taking the surplus of a richer man's fuel, when she had the first vision of Lourdes? And so the first step in crime of a gangster may have been a strict compliance with laws that his first teachers, his parents, never dreamed had become out of date, a crime.

BUT in this act he undoubtedly, if not long before from his friends, learned the concept of the police as enemy. A rival, powerful, grown-up gang, infinitely better organized, but all the more meritoriously to be outwitted. A real gang has to have an enemy. It is a "combat group," as its historians say. This is provided by the police; probably all boys feel that way against the police, who incarnate the other law, the other civilization. In Chicago, in the little streets, round the slum blocks, the boys' gangs, though nearly always strictly independent, as free and unitary as hill clans, all feel to the police exactly as wild hillsmen feel to the rich, civilized, city people of the plains; as Mowgli to the villagers. In the first place, the policeman stands in the way of all that the boy-code prescribes as worthy and delightful. It is the police who break up street games; it is the police who are the implacable enemies of the boy ideal. In raids on fruiterers' shops, the police are the danger. . . . But the valley sheep are sweeter. . . . Crap-shooting, fighting, traveling (without paying)—always the blue-coated tribe in the way.

It would be intensely confusing to suppose that this primitive and almost tribal idea of the police, which is important because it develops (but never changes) in the later feelings of the grown gangster, includes more than the slightest inner recognition of the superior moral position of the police and their law. It is not to the boys, that *they* are breaking the law, but their enemies. Into the social void of their situation, they have built, or life working through them has built, another older system, organically to fill the gap, which life hates, with interstitial social tissues. All boys do that, for there is always a void, empty of social content between infancy and manhood. The laws are made for men, not boys; is not the refusal of the vote until twenty-one a confession of it? They are not and cannot be "citizens."

Now into this interposed social system, full of emotional



From Amerika, by Erich Mendelsohn, published by Rudolph Mosse, Berlin

CHICAGO BACK-STREET

The German photographer's view of a Hinterstrasse, with its dazzling glimpse of the new skyscraper, gives sharp focus to Mr. Bolitho's description of the region of "mystery, shadows and smells" that makes stronger appeal to a boy than the best of all organized playgrounds

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appeal for allegiance, go in Chicago three main factors. The first is the tradition. Dr. Shaw, and his patient investigators into the connection of area with juvenile delinquency, have shown conclusively that the main one is the district tradition, which each new immigrant family into a slum area takes over with the occupancy of the house. This area tradition, as it were impregnated into the very houses themselves, like the patina of soot that has eaten into the stones, can only be compared with the tradition of a great old school, of an ancient regiment, even of a monastery. The place is stuffed with history and example, handed down by boy to boy, until the house-wreckers come. Its very locality conformation gives the character a special twist, as the stones in the soil do a root. Such an alley forces such a game; such a field is "made for" another.

Secondly, there is probably some spontaneous invention of the boy. The boy law is natural to them. It may be that even without the powerful counsel of the area tradition, they would invent, through a sheer reaction of life on circumstances, such and such points of the code. Then lastly, however little the influence of the parents—this is a question again to be postponed—their culture, too, is by no means the code of the police, not the modern law. Consulted by their sons, if they are, they can only impart the right and wrong of primitive Europe.

TO all these the police action and standards are not only strange but wrong. I have talked long(and tactfully) with accomplished gangsters, and I found, of course, that there is amongst them a sort of moral reprobation of the whole regular apparatus and ideas of the law. So might Bedouin regard with horror the civilized Englishman's habit of eating bacon at breakfast. In the main aspect, they (and their ethical secret again is that they have kept the ideas of their boyhood) hold that the police and the law are *cruel*. The electric chair, the waiting especially, the cold-bloodedness of this revenge—why, say they, we would not do *that*. Nor fight a thousand to one. Nor lock people away for years in a cell. How comical that tough gangsters should talk like that—and yet I do not know. The concept of cruelty, that baseness of violence, is unknown to the police law, yet it is sure that this is a fundamental concept of "natural law."

BUT this is enough to set out the bare idea that the boy-gangster, and the true man-gangster, who is his survival, are by no means "lawless," rather followers of a different, more old-fashioned law. They, like boys, distinguish between good and evil; but their words are not "legal" and "illegal," but something however that enables them to make often subtle, ethical distinctions between the nature of acts. Something, I found, that allows them quite easily to estimate what the law has no fine measure for, to compare and condemn the robbery of a poor old woman with that of a powerful bank, to make a distinction between the killings of hot and cold blood, between a mean and a brave act.

The elements of the boy's social outview are nearly complete in their outline. He has the most ancient right and wrong clear, now. Right is the clan; wrong is the rest of the world. Right is to steal, to dare, to venture, to stand by brethren thick or thin. Wrong is to deal with the enemy, to shrink, also (and this is as far as the gangster will ever go), to steal from a poor or friendly person.

Such is the code. The psychical atmosphere is hardly worth describing. For all of us have gone through it too. The ferocious curiosity of the boy, his cowardice when alone, his courage in the pack. Alone at this stage, he is impotent, terrified, melancholy; with the rest of the boys is both his vanity and his comfort. Always profoundly unoriginal, intensely uncreative, he can do nothing whatever, cut off from the worn little stock of such things included in the tradition of the gang.

It is indeed fortunate, and of no further interest to us here, if this embryonic gangster does grow beyond this stage. If not, he has to resist the great impulses of puberty. That redoubtable change, dangerous to all that is premature, talent and dream, is decisive. Up to now he has lived in a delightful jungle, repeated the adventures and life of the morning of the world. He has known two chief joys, pursuit and escape. Now life has other plans for him.

Puberty, from the point of view of character, is a sort of narrow gateway, through which a boy can rarely scrape without the loss of most, bad and good, that he accumulated before. The guardians of this gate, of course, are the girls. Why, when practically every slum boy in Chicago belongs to a gang of "regular fellows," do so few of them develop into full-fledged gangsters? The proportion is not likely to be more than one in a thousand or more. Far above all artificial reform measures, social settlement work, the delinquency institute, the terror of the law, the answer must be: the natural influence of women. Woman is the chief plotter in the great conspiracy of social stabilization. After this age the manifold ambitions of infancy coalesce into one, and many times more urgent than any that have gone before. Gang-boy or not, he has to submit to the wishes of woman.

NOW women, except in special neurasthenic cases—all adventurous women, from gang-molls to poetesses, have a disorder of the nerves; have no liking for the boy-ideal. To win one of them, with the exceptions we will return to in a moment, the boy has almost always to scrap his old code and learn a new one. The natural woman, who is matter-of-fact almost to stupidity, commonplace in her wishes almost to huckstering, profoundly unromantic during the whole of her mating time, must detest most of the qualities of the boy, especially of his extreme case, the gang-boy. She must hate his destructiveness, of which his noisiness is part; she needs under the monogamy system to own him, and not to share him with any other allegiance. Perhaps his extreme unoriginality might please her. But her gang is the world—the Jones Gang—and what could one do with a husband who earned only small sums with the maximum of risk, irregularity of hours, and social opprobrium? The gang-boy, when he falls in love, is coerced to work, to quit his friends, and to set out soberly to get some of those shining things behind the plate glass for his wife and children.

In spite of myself, for I dislike criminals, savages and boys, I feel there is a certain pathos in the cure. The old ideal was so simple, its colors so pure. Now the boy must leave it utterly behind, commit the great betrayal, and, if he wants her, adopt a new social religion entirely. It is no wonder that he leaves many a glance behind. Some of them rebel, and satisfy themselves, either with that immature substitute, homosexuality; or content themselves, as the coarser and stupider no doubt do, with the poor molls, lazy servant girls for the most part, vicious and unfaithful—and usually ugly.

(*Continued on page* 545)

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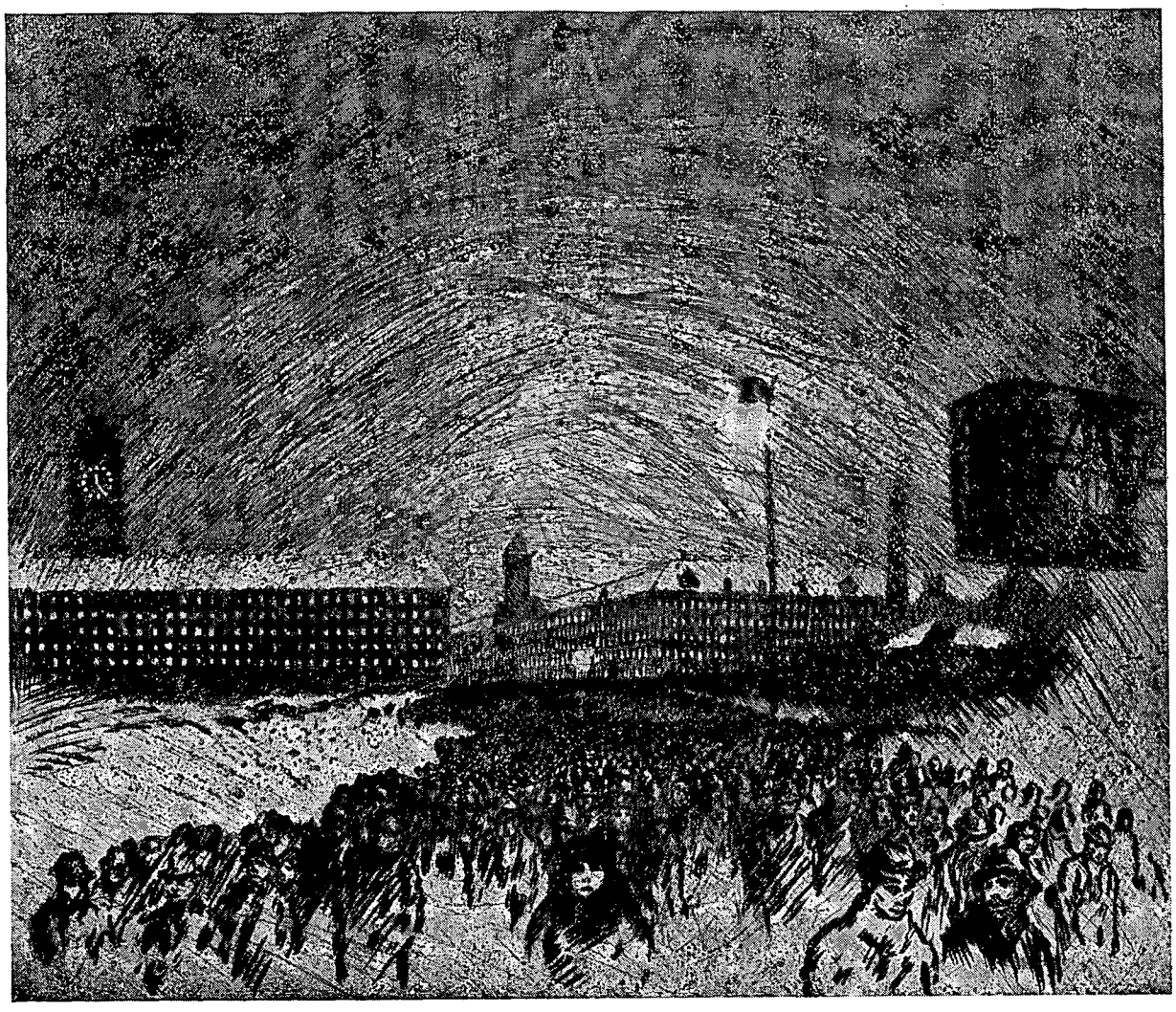

FIVE O'CLOCK, *Etching by Hanns Anker*

Stable Work a City Asset

By MORRIS E. LEEDS

PHILADELPHIA has had put before it a new city objective. It is not to erect the tallest skyscraper in the country, nor build the biggest boulevards, or even to add the largest percentage to its population in the next ten years. Rather, the goal set by a sub-committee of the Industrial Relations Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce and adopted by the chamber itself, is to achieve the highest employment score among the cities of the United States, and to turn this winter's emergent situation to account by setting in motion a long plan for regularizing employment among the textile, leather, boot and shoe, pottery, radio, metal manufacture and other industries that enter into the going life of the complex urban area built up in the region neighboring Independence Hall.

There are great human values at stake in such a program, but there are also great civic and business values. If the estimates of President Hoover's committee on Recent Economic Changes hold, there were on an average 2,300,000 unemployed persons in this country even during the eight years of prosperity, and broken employment brings that total up to the equivalent of 3,000,000. Put roughly in dollars and cents, that means a gap of earning power, and hence in purchasing power, between this level and what would be true if the working men and women of the United States were assured a full year's work, of five billion dollars.

Here is, potentially, the one important new outlet for overproduction for which we have combed the seven seas, the one important new market for our goods. And Philadelphia, beginning at home, is out for its share of that five billions for its manufacturers, its merchants and its wage-earners. We believe that here lies the biggest undeveloped civic and economic asset the city possesses. Or, stating it another way, in the words of our report:

> Unemployment means idle plant for the manufacturer, decreased business for the merchant, anxiety and suffering for the unemployed. The economic and social losses are so great that banks, merchants and manufacturers would be justified in maintaining a properly-staffed office for the education of management on this subject.

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Unemployment

WHEN, last April, The Survey put together its special issue of unemployment, with telling pictures of men wearily tramping the streets while factories hummed over-time, we were in the midst of our "roaring prosperity." In these soberer times, the tragedy of broken employment and uncertain income, the problems of immediate relief, the possibility of giving workers security as well as safety in their jobs, press closer home. Here Morris E. Leeds presents one community's program. In the next few months we shall have first-hand, staff articles by Beulah Amidon on current experience in two Ohio cities. One will describe what steady jobs mean to the employes of Procter and Gamble, of Cincinnati and Ivorydale, who are guaranteed forty-eight weeks of work a year, and what the plan means, too, in terms of steady output and orderly distribution. The other article will show what hire-and-fire methods produce in the Toledo automobile industry. Helen Hall and Irene H. Nelson, chairman and secretary of the employment study committee of the National Federation of Settlements, will show what unemployment has brought to families in widely scattered American communities.

Our recommendations would draw into the combined attack on this problem the Federal Reserve Board, the banks, the city, county and state administrations, the Board of Education, the university and colleges, the trade associations of employers, the labor unions and the welfare agencies of the city. The focus would be an altogether new creation, organized within the Chamber of Commerce or on its own, which we have called the Institute for the Regularization of Employment, and which we feel would be as important as the Health Department of Philadelphia, or its Clearing House.

OUR undertaking began more than a year ago, when the Industrial Relations Committee of the Chamber of Commerce held a series of informal luncheon meetings on the regularization of employment. As the series progressed, some of us began to feel that we were not touching anywhere the problem of actual unemployment in Philadelphia—how much there was of it at the time, how much was "normal," in what industries it was particularly to be found, and so on. I quote from a memorandum I sent to a member of the committee:

> We seem to be trying primarily to stimulate business by various devices with the assumption (probably only partly correct) that if we have good business, we will have no unemployment; and, incidental to this general purpose, we seem to be trying to persuade ourselves that there is not very much unemployment after all.

It was in response to this feeling within the Industrial Relations Committee that a sub-committee of six members was set up to do a specific job: to find out how to find out how much industrial unemployment there is in Philadelphia. That is, we were to devise some sort of index to be published at regular intervals, which would be fairly accurate, and which would give us a dependable measure of the employment situation in the Philadelphia area. The committee was made up of six members, Richard L. Austin of the Federal Reserve Bank; Henry T. Brown, president of Brown and Bailey, paper-box makers, a firm which has a going unemployment insurance scheme of its own; Herbert W. Dean, Assistant Vice-President of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania; Otto T. Mallery, formerly industrial commissioner of Pennsylvania; Joseph H. Willits, director of the Industrial Research Department of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce; and the writer.

Almost as soon as we tackled our job we saw that, to achieve it, we should have to go much further afield than any of us had realized when the committee was appointed. In trying to devise a yardstick to measure employment and unemployment we found that any such statistical device could be effective only if it came out of an intensive study of the going situation, part of a community program to deal with unemployment. To get expert advice on this larger job, we called a conference of about forty men and women—people who as industrial leaders, university scholars and workers in various lines of community service, were prepared to give us the results of study and experience in regularizing industry and dealing with unemployment.

The conference was held in April, at the University of Pennsylvania. There were reports on what other communities have done, notably San Francisco, Milwaukee and Baltimore, how they have worked and what they see as the next step. The need for broader and more accurate fact-finding and analysis was emphasized. But at the same time Philadelphia was urged not to stop with study, but to work out some plan of action, to *do* something. Professor Herman Feldman of Dartmouth, for instance, said:

> We have had an excess of investigation that ended in investigation. So I should tie the facts to a program. I would strongly emphasize going to the program first and using facts as a business man would to make sure of the proper direction of the activity. Most of the facts about unemployment are not so indefinite but that we can actually do something. . . . If, when a crisis occurred, we were not prepared to take care of fifty employes, or a hundred, what is the good of knowing that there were two hundred?

With its own tentative conclusions clarified by this exchange of thought and experience, the sub-committee proceeded to consider a definite program for the Philadelphia area.

We have given full weight to the human factors involved in unemployment and in broken employment, but we have nevertheless gone on the assumption that "the problems of irregularity of employment and unemployment are fundamentally business problems." Unemployment in this country is due, not to the "laziness, incompetence and irregularity of workmen," but to the business depressions which occur from time to time, to the seasonality of many businesses, to improved machinery and management, to the casual nature of some work, to the inefficiency of management, to the decadence of certain industries, and to numerous similar causes. As our report points out:

> There is no test of the capacity of our industrial leadership so searching as its capacity to deal with this situation. If industry fails, political leaders in the legislative halls will be forced

The Philadelphia Plan

AN Institute for the Regularization of Employment.

A better system of connecting workers and jobs in the Philadelphia district.

Prosperity reserves of public work.

Vocational training and vocational guidance in the public schools—to cut down the number of casual workers and of the unemployable.

Research projects in unemployment, broken employment and the regularization of industry.

A permanent committee charged with general responsibility for putting the plan into effect.

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by public opinion to take up the task. Some kind of program will be developed. It is the hope of your committee that American industry will rise to this opportunity and that Philadelphia business men will take a leading part in working out the means by which we may approach the ideal situation, namely, that every person who is honestly seeking should be able to find work that is suited to his capacities, under conditions that are reasonable; and that when he has to change from one job to another, it should be possible for him to do so without reducing himself and his family to living conditions that will deteriorate them.

Before this ideal can be achieved, employers generally will have to feel so strong a sense of responsibility toward all those employed that they will not lay off an employe without making sure that he has some provision against the hazard of poverty during the time he is seeking new employment. They will have to feel that a failure to meet this responsibility is a failure of management's obligation, something like failure to earn dividends or interest on bonds. . . .

The soundest and most constructive remedy we can discover for irregular employment, underemployment and unemployment is continuous employment. If industry is to meet this hope and provide employment for all the capable who honestly seek it, business men will have to make serious efforts to that end in their individual enterprises and in associations. Earnest thought and managerial invention must be addressed to the task.

At the same time, the committee recognizes that

Irregularity of employment and unemployment spring from such broad and far-reaching causes that industrial managers can-

From the jacket design of Coxey's Army, by Donald L. McMurry; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

not deal with them entirely in individual plants. The task transcends their scope. . . . To be completely effective, business managers must also approach the problem as industrial leaders.

The report of the sub-committee, as it was finally drawn up, puts almost equal emphasis on research and action, in mobilizing community resources to deal with unemployment.

First, as to the institute: the community set-up as the committee sees it, is to arouse employers to consciousness of the problem, and to educate them in methods of regularization. The business man who wants to iron out his employment curve usually needs the same quality of expert advice that he can obtain on other questions from a bank which is prepared to diagnose and prescribe for the financial ills of its clients. For this dual purpose of education and technical service, the committee suggests that Philadelphia set up an institute whose primary function would be to give technical advice on methods of regularizing industry at the request of individual businesses or of trade associations, and whose secondary function would be a systematic endeavor to educate employers in the importance and methods of regularization. As we stated in our report:

We are not prepared now to set out in greater detail just what the organization and method of work of this proposed institute should be. From the experience of those banks which have systematically developed management advice for their industrial clients seeking loans, we are convinced that there is no medium by which practical attack on the particular management problem in hand can so effectively be made.

We are therefore of the opinion that a leading share of the responsibility for the development and maintenance of such an Institute of Regularization should be taken by the banks, the trust companies and other financial agencies in the city. It is the banks that know first of the decreased payrolls which mark declining employment and lessened productivity, and which precede decreasing purchasing power. Bankers have to deal with ailing industries which seek larger loans than their conditions warrant. Bank officials, because of their confidential information and because of the respect in which their judgment is held could counsel those who needed the services of such an institute as we have in mind more acceptably and with more weight and authority than could any others.

Another group which has similar confidential knowledge and is held in great respect is that of the certified public accountants; but this group has less extensive contacts.

The business of connecting men and jobs is a muddled one in Philadelphia, as it is in most American communities. John Smith, out of a job, pours over the "help wanted" columns, tramps from factory to factory, sometimes is the victim of unprincipled employment agencies, all too often grows bitter and discouraged as he follows his weary quest for work. A fully effective system of labor exchanges in any community would save John Smith time and effort by keeping a complete list of the unemployed and of open positions in the area, and it would also be in touch with similar agencies in other parts of the country. The committee report suggests that the Philadelphia branch of the State Employment Bureau "coordinate the work of all the desirable (*Continued on page* 546)

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Peg's Permanent

By MARY EDNA McCHRISTIE

Drawings by Esther Andrews

"MY Love to B: If you wish Paradise, join me and we will make life a never-ending Lover's Lane. You are now at the fork of two roads: one leads through the dreary years to come, bordered on all sides by the gaunt shadows of dreams not come true. The other road is a beautiful journey wherein two souls, tuned to the same pitch, vibrate as one, and sing a song of such rare sweetness that the world is stilled. Come, I wait for you just around the bend of the road. The orchestra is tuned ready to play for us the divine music of two souls expressed. Everlastingly."

Long on hyperbole, short on cash, so the lovers took a trip to Coney Island, and the letter journeyed to the divorce court.

The fact that John, the husband, caught his first breath in 1889, and Peg, the wife, gave her first cry thirteen years later, somewhat complicated matters. Sitting in the rear of the drugstore, closely watching a game of chess, John suddenly became inattentive. That must be Peg's voice telephoning from a booth. He moved nearer to listen.

"Yes, it's Peg. Oh, Clarey [baptised Clarence], that was a thrilling letter. Don't laugh, Big Boy, but what did you mean when you wrote, 'If you wish Paradise join me?' It sounded like you wanted me to run away with you."

Silence at the other end. Telephones probably tire of triangles.

"Hello? Hello? Clarey? Were you saying anything when Central cut us off?"

"No? Well," Peg hurried on, nervously filling in the painful pause, "well, anyway, Clarey, you have beautiful thoughts—you're so different."

"Go somewhere tonight?"

"If I can get a woman to take care of Buster."

"Oh, I'll fix that—he never goes out, too old."

"Coney Island? Dance? Eat in the dining-hall? Oh gorgeous!"

And out she flew. John wanted to run after her, but some way he couldn't. He had just enough strength left to order a coke. Something had snapped, not loud enough for the soda-clerk to hear, but quietly. He must sit tight and think this thing out. Peg dating up a fellow for Coney! Wonder if he's young? How long has this affair been going on? Where was that letter? He must hurry. Peg was going out. Why Peg couldn't go dancing on the Island Queen. Why, my God, Peg was his wife—and there followed a queer, panicky feeling of inadequacy.

"That must be Peg's voice telephoning"

Peg quickly adjusted a sports dress over her one-piece under-garment. As for John, he seemed too dazed to adjust himself to anything. Peg—Clarey (hell, what a name!)—love letter—Coney.

Naturally the gate-man had accepted tickets for other fellows' wives so often that he paid no particular attention to this Clarey-and-Peg couple. Without a glance he passed through the turn-gate, this handsome man of twenty-seven whose two possessions seemed to be a suave gallantry, facinating to women, and a gentle deference, soothing to discontented wives. A dressy man, with a suit always so perfectly pressed that twice a week its owner found temporary oblivion necessary. A man who carried a faint hint of intoxicating perfume, for he never knew when he might be called upon to kiss a woman. The kind of man who could sell a Bible to an old lady if she already owned seven—or when younger could (and did) solicit three separate college educations via the magazine route. The kind of man women wanted to caress and men ached to muss up—a free, untrammelled, loving spirit was Clarey's.

And this impressionable, pretty girl, slender enough to buy her dresses in the junior department, with dancing eyes and dancing feet—they even did a turn on the lower deck—her spirit was just as loving as Clarey's, but not quite so free.

While Clarey and Peg flirted, ate club sandwiches (always filling and a trifle cosmopolitan, Clarey said), John sat at home holding the baby tight and close, talking to him. "Listen, Buster, I'd drop you this minute if I thought you'd ever be low enough to try to take a man's wife away from him. Remember this, kid, a man's a damned skunk to do a thing like that." But the baby just laughed because his daddy was making such funny faces and something wet was splashing down on his cheeks.

Late that night John located the amatory epistle. He didn't laugh, but at least he didn't feel so afraid. He must be soft—he felt sorry for Peg falling for a simp who wrote stuff like that. What was the matter with the girl anyway? But when John visualized Clarey holding Peg tight in the dance, his hands ached to strike.

He decided to take that namby-

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pamby letter to the Court of Domestic Relations, where they had a Reconciliation Department. Maybe they could help. What did other men do when things just fell to pieces? What about Buster? He must never know. If babies were ever considerate, that night would have been perfect for colic, for John couldn't sleep anyway.

At 1 A. M. Peg slipped in, deliciously stimulated over Clarey's third kiss (Clarey never over-indulged). She looked at John, apparently asleep, and she felt kind of sorry for him. And as John, apparently asleep, looked at Peg, he felt kind of sorry for her too.

NEXT morning when John appeared at court we were attracted to him immediately—looks, manner, obvious dependability. He said little; undoubtedly he had a smaller vocabulary than Clarey's, but a larger speaking acquaintance. As we read Clarey's black and white expression of love we felt adolescent all over again. This unsigned, meaningless letter, less definite than a woman, less compromising than perfume, had served three purposes: to Clarey, a sinless method of self-expression; to Peg, a stimulating sense of power; to John, a staggering realization of helplessness. We determined, someway, to collapse this triangle.

John proceeded to tell us what was on his mind. "Now, I come to think of it, Peg hasn't been herself lately. Absent-minded. Looks right through me, never at me. Cross with the baby, and she's nuts about the kid."

"Do you and Peg go out much?"

"No. Too expensive—we're buying a home."

"Do you kiss her often?"

"Not like I used to. I'm not courtin', I'm raising a family."

John resumed. "This morning I tried hard not to let her know I had found this note. Out of a clear sky she said, 'You'd better treat me nice, John Weiss, or some day you'll be sorry—you'll think of what I've said.' You don't suppose Peg would try to do away with herself, do you?"

Peg clutched his arm

We didn't think Peg contemplated suicide, but, after all, no one has a right to say what constitutes suicide for the other fellow. So here we had the older, settled husband, unimaginative and sane, the younger, restless wife, inexperienced and emotional, and the potentially dangerous lover. Oh yes, we forgot the baby, and that little thing we forgot was really the only thing we wished to remember.

During our conference with John, a worker was sent for Peg. Picking up Clarey's note by its corner as one handles an alien handkerchief, John read the impassioned words. "Did you ever hear anything so damned silly?" Laugh wrinkles began to show at the corners of his eyes.

"I'll bet that sissy would fall in a heap if she called his bluff. I'd like to get my hands on him just once. That fellow will never make her. Peg wouldn't leave Buster—she's a decent kid. But suppose she gets it into her head to run away with him?" Alternate confidence and distrust fought for first place. Three years of drudging devotion against three dance dates—no wonder John sat there puzzled, tense, angry, disillusioned suddenly of the hope of understanding woman's ways.

Rising from his chair excitedly, "Oh, my God, Miss, can't you think of something to do? I'm not worrying as much about myself as the kid. What will this do to him?"

John held the baby tight

Then our little bit of charm walked in. At seven she probably enjoyed temper tantrums, twenty years later she simply revelled in a lack of emotional control.

"I know what you're going to say, so hold your breath—you might need it for something!"

"Why, Peg." John was embarrassed.

"Don't talk to me. You come up here and snitch everything and expect me to like it."

John kept on looking at Peg.

"Well, say something. I suppose you followed me last night."

"I kept the baby last night."

"You can't blame me for wanting a little fun. All you do is work, come home and eat, play with Buster, and go to bed."

"But we haven't much money, Peg—"

"Why don't you make some then? Don't you suppose I get fed up?"

"You've got a home, a baby. I do all I can. Peg, aren't you happy?"

"No, I'm not. I'm sick of everything—cheap dresses, the baby's diapers, that darned budget, those eternal building loan payments, packing your lunch, going everywhere on the cheap, no radio, even Buster had to ride in a second-hand carriage. God, I hate it all!"

"Peg! Peg!" John's mental processes took a recess.

"Another thing," turning to the Referee, "our budget won't stretch enough for me to have a permanent." Her eyes expressed the import of these words.

"A permanent?" John looked confused.

"Yes, you boob! A permanent—a hair wave." Justifiably, "That shows how much attention he pays to me."

"Your hair always looks nice to me, Peg." But on she went, for the repressions of three years take time.

"He's thirteen years older. Of, course, he can't help that [Peg was at least considerate of John's parents]. When I'm tired I don't mind, but when I want to play around and dance—"

"I told you I'd take you dancing."

"Say, the orchestra can't play the Blue Danube all the time."

After all, what difference did it make? Peg had no inclination to diagnose the motivating cause of her dissatisfaction, no desire to learn the underlying reasons "why," so these excuses served their purpose and, to her, were justifiable. Often the existence of a personally interested outsider accentuates friction, increases dissatisfaction, develops emotional disturbances, makes living under existing conditions

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seem unbearable. Whether this third person, waiting just around the corner, pacifies, comforts, admires or loves, the effect is insidious enough to disturb the balance of marriage, always so complex as to demand delicate adjustment.

But speaking of lovers, is there any reason why Clarey shouldn't have been good? No crying babies to make him tired, no bills to make him cross, no proximity to make him indifferent, nothing for him to do but write soulful letters, play up the husband's weaknesses, and surround the disappointed wife with a halo of romantic tenderness, and to make love, written, spoken or danced, so subtly, so cleverly that the husband's natural advances seemed crude. It's a great study, this technique of love-making!

Just then John lifted Peg's face to his. "Don't you love me any more?"

"Love? Don't be silly."

"Peg, listen. We've got to get this settled. I've tried to make you happy. I think of nothing but you, the kid, my job. You knew what my salary was when you married me. Most any woman would think herself lucky with a hundred per cent baby as sweet as ours."

"Oh, yes, tag me and then tell me about it. Of course, I love Buster, but I'm young. I want some fun before I die." Peg and death seemed so awfully far apart.

"Oh, Peg, Peg. I never heard you talk like this," he stooped down to touch her, but she pulled away.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it! Listen, don't you want to live with me? Don't you want me even to kiss you? Answer me," and his eyes searched hers.

"You're not the only man who can kiss."

"Say, in my day I knew how to kiss a woman so she wouldn't forget it. But I'll tell you one thing." His eyes blazed. "I didn't pick out married women—I played singles—I wasn't such a yellow sneak."

"Don't you dare call Clarey a sneak." Peg jumped up from her chair. "He's a real gentleman. He's polite, he's a spender, he dances divinely."

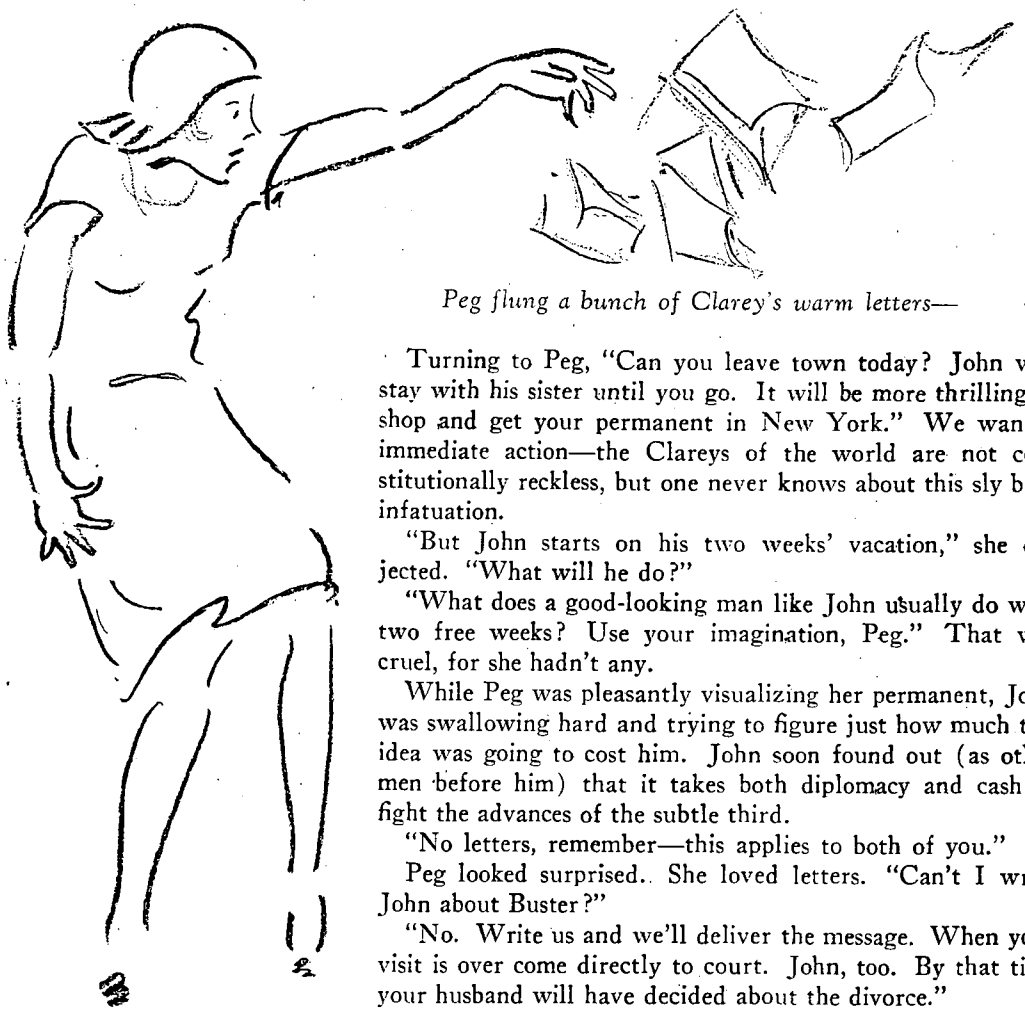
"Oh, hell!"

"He's all that and more. He's the man I love. Do you hear me? Clarey's the man I love."

"God help me," and John looked as if he really needed outside assistance. He slumped down in his chair, face drawn, eyes meeting mine, and the supplication in them hurt.

And afterwards, on my writing pad, unseen during the interview, appeared phrases, startlingly clear like automatic writing: radio—Peg visit sister in New York—new clothes —rearrange budget—more amusement—permanent—teach Peg Webster's meaning of the word—get Clarey's record—summon him to office—make him declare himself—let Peg listen from adjoining room—let John look Clarey over—reduce building loan payments—worry Peg about John divorcing her—have husband renew lost art of kissing. Ideas apparently chaotic and disjointed, but workable and potentially curative, if Peg loved her husband—that was the unknown x that made the case fascinating.

The Referee outlined her plan in the confidential tone a traveling salesman reserves for his prospect, hurrying from one suggestion to another, leaving no time for objections. It's rather overwhelming to note how implicitly these distressed couples obey court orders, unofficial at that. Many inhibited social investigators seem afraid to apply sound practical psychology and consequently fail to realize their own latent possibilities as successful adjusters.



Peg flung a bunch of Clarey's warm letters—

Turning to Peg, "Can you leave town today? John will stay with his sister until you go. It will be more thrilling to shop and get your permanent in New York." We wanted immediate action—the Careys of the world are not constitutionally reckless, but one never knows about this sly bug, infatuation.

"But John starts on his two weeks' vacation," she objected. "What will he do?"

"What does a good-looking man like John usually do with two free weeks? Use your imagination, Peg." That was cruel, for she hadn't any.

While Peg was pleasantly visualizing her permanent, John was swallowing hard and trying to figure just how much this idea was going to cost him. John soon found out (as other men before him) that it takes both diplomacy and cash to fight the advances of the subtle third.

"No letters, remember—this applies to both of you."

Peg looked surprised. She loved letters. "Can't I write John about Buster?"

"No. Write us and we'll deliver the message. When your visit is over come directly to court. John, too. By that time your husband will have decided about the divorce."

"Divorce? John, you won't leave us—oh, John, John!" Peg clutched his arm hysterically. "John, say you won't leave us—Buster would die without you. John, talk to me!" John looked undecided, and made no answer. Sometimes even men like John have flashes of real genius.

We piloted Peg to the door. John could stand just so much where Peg's eyes were concerned. "Wait, Peg, your check."

Evidently this wife knew that writing a check was as painful to the husband as a major operation. Yet even though John's hand trembled, he braced up and passed the check to Peg with an impressive, altruistic gesture, typically male. She stooped and kissed him—rather fleetingly, it's true, but anyway, she kissed him. John in turn did his best to cover

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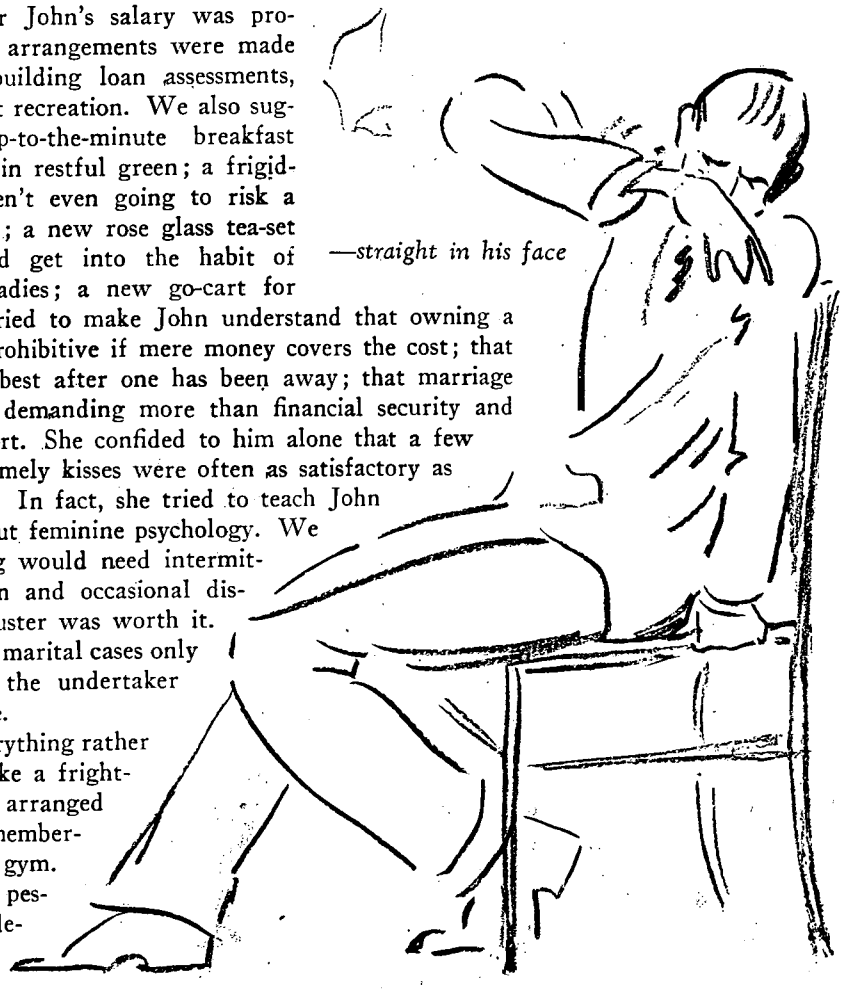
Clarey's stimulating kiss of the night before. His caresses for Buster were precious. After John's two babies had left he followed slowly. He seemed dazed but trustful.

With Peg temporarily separated from both lover and husband we started our case. We located the handsome Clarey, a combination of ham actor and bootlegger—limited to small orders, which was consistent, for everything about Clarey was small even down to his pretty dancing feet. We also put our amorous pacifier through the indignity of the Confidential Exchange and learned that there had been two previously furious Johns, two other gullible Pegs, for twice in our own court had Clarey been named as a disturber of the peace. Yet he remained bland, self-controlled, unencumbered. Some men are just born lucky.

While Peg circled Grant's tomb, rode Fifth Avenue buses and exclaimed over the size of Miss Liberty's hand, John haunted the shops trying to decide what radio to buy. To him, poor fellow, the Pagan Love Song sounded the same everywhere. With the assistance of the court budgeter John's salary was proportioned and arrangements were made for reduced building loan assessments, and subsequent recreation. We also suggested an up-to-the-minute breakfast nook, painted in restful green; a frigidaire—we weren't even going to risk a young ice-man; a new rose glass tea-set so Peg would get into the habit of entertaining ladies; a new go-cart for Buster. She tried to make John understand that owning a house is not prohibitive if mere money covers the cost; that a home looks best after one has been away; that marriage has a way of demanding more than financial security and physical comfort. She confided to him alone that a few well-placed, timely kisses were often as satisfactory as receipted bills. In fact, she tried to teach John something about feminine psychology. We knew that Peg would need intermittent inspiration and occasional discipline, but Buster was worth it. Anyway, some marital cases only close the day the undertaker assumes charge.



—straight in his face

John did everything rather breathlessly, like a frightened child. He arranged for a year's membership at the gym. You men may pessimistically declare that a man can't lose a stomach in four weeks, but maybe your wife is near your own age—naturally, you couldn't comprehend the feverish do-it-or-die attitude that exercised our John. And John took private dancing lessons. Don't laugh. It isn't funny when a man of forty decides to dance. Anyway, John refused to visualize Peg in any man's arms but his own.

Peg's attractiveness had not diminished either A becoming permanent does wonders, and the process of thinking helped. She noticed many things. Her sister's husband spent whole nights out. John never did that. Once he attempted to make love to her, but Peg called him names, and reminded him chastely that she was a married woman. This experience helped precipitate Clarey's next love letter into the waste basket unread.

Sometimes Peg caught herself counting the days until she could go home. Home? But did she have a home? And there rushed over her a tenderness for John and all the modest possessions in that mortgaged house. She wrote the court, particularly asking, "How is John—he hasn't written me a line. What has he decided to do? Is John all right?"

During this trying period John had to be nursed as constantly and faithfully as a pneumonia case, his temperature varied and his heart so often changed its beat.

At the end of Peg's New York visit she went directly to the court. She looked radiant. Some triangles are just naturally inevitable. Rushing over to the desk she said, "What has John decided to do?"

Following instructions John was late. When he entered he grabbed Buster up in his arms and shook hands with Peg. Had we x-rayed her mental processes they might have run like this: He cares—no, he doesn't—he didn't kiss me—I've come back to make him happy—if he gets too smart I'll go to Clarey—I want John, though—he's paying no attention to me—anyway, he's more decent than my brother-in-law—if John gets smart I'll show him—oh, I hope he'll take me back—I want to go home—I love John—he doesn't know I'm here—I saved this new dress too, for court—and on and on.

Then John put Buster down, looked at Peg in a reckless, unrestrained non-husbandly manner. "Dear, you look wonderful." (John still needed a thermometer.)

Interrupting, "Doesn't she? John, will you be good enough to sit in the waiting-room until we call you?" John looked disturbed, Peg disappointed.

"Peg, dear, how about everything?"

"You mean John?"

"Both your men."

"I want to go back to John. I don't love Clarey—I found that out. Of course, if John acts snooty about money and throws up Coney Island to me, and does all that sort of thing, I'll—"

But the cure must be complete for the sake of Buster, who played around the desk spilling ink, and for John whose small world had a population of two.

"Peg, step into the next room, stand close to the glass partition and listen in. We've sent for Clarey."

"Garden seed! You haven't?"

"Yes, we thought you should know his intentions, then if John doesn't make you happy, Clarey can—"

Peg blushed. "Clarey loves me—he wrote gorgeous letters."

"Did he say anything about a divorce or marriage?"

"No, not exactly. You see, (*Continued on page* 557)

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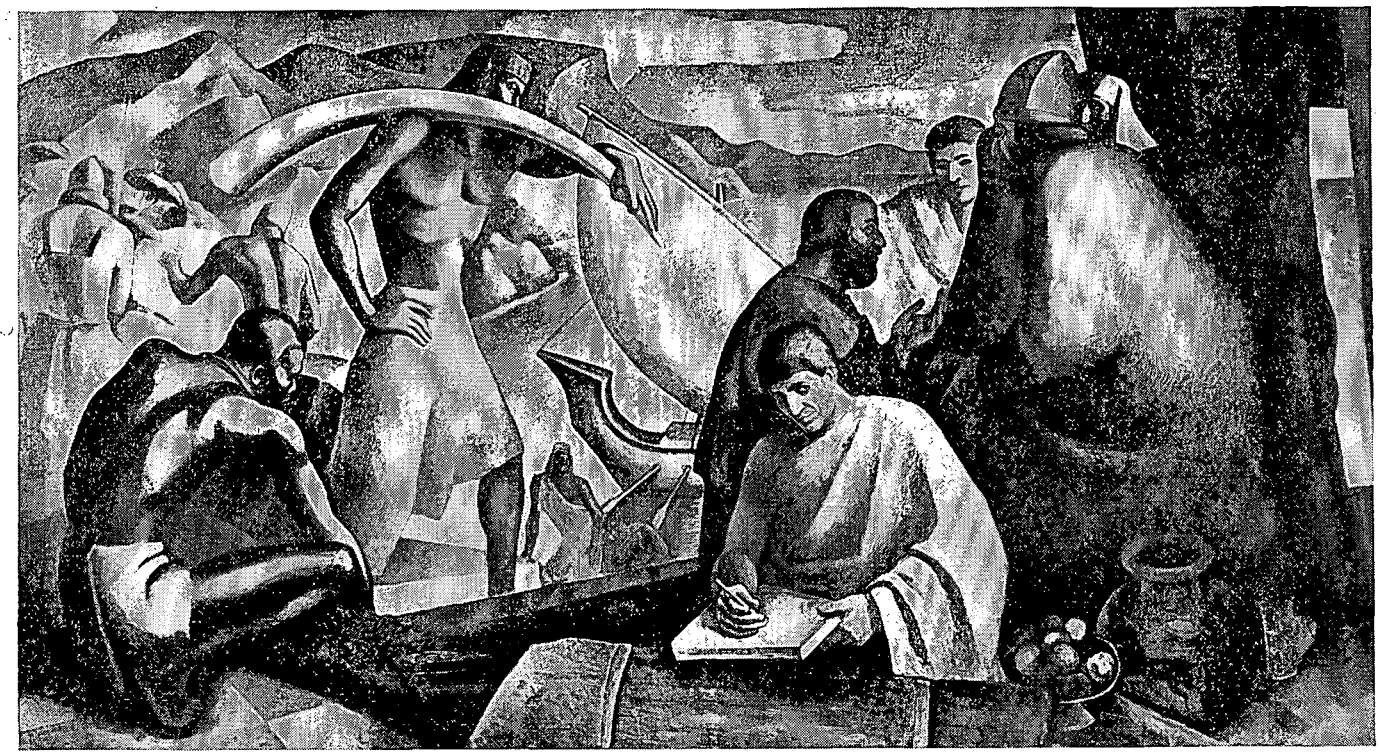

CARTHAGINIANS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

VENETIANS IN THE LEVANT

Wherever one travels, here or in Europe, one finds the prince of the commercial world the new Medici of art. Office buildings, banks, shops—in London the Underground—are employing the best artists in the decoration of their facades and interiors. And so the Kaufmann Department Store of Pittsburgh is to have a magnificent sweep of commercial history across its walls to stir the imagination of the casual shopper.

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SIX MURAL PAINTINGS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

DUTCH IN THE BALTIC

ENGLISH IN CHINA

For almost three years Boardman Robinson has been at work on the ten murals of the series. He brought to the work not only historical knowledge but his vitality and interest in human beings, particularly in the man of brawn. He has spent years of experimentation with the problems of mural painting. These groups have been built up, sketched figure by figure, their sculptural quality procured by sculptured models.

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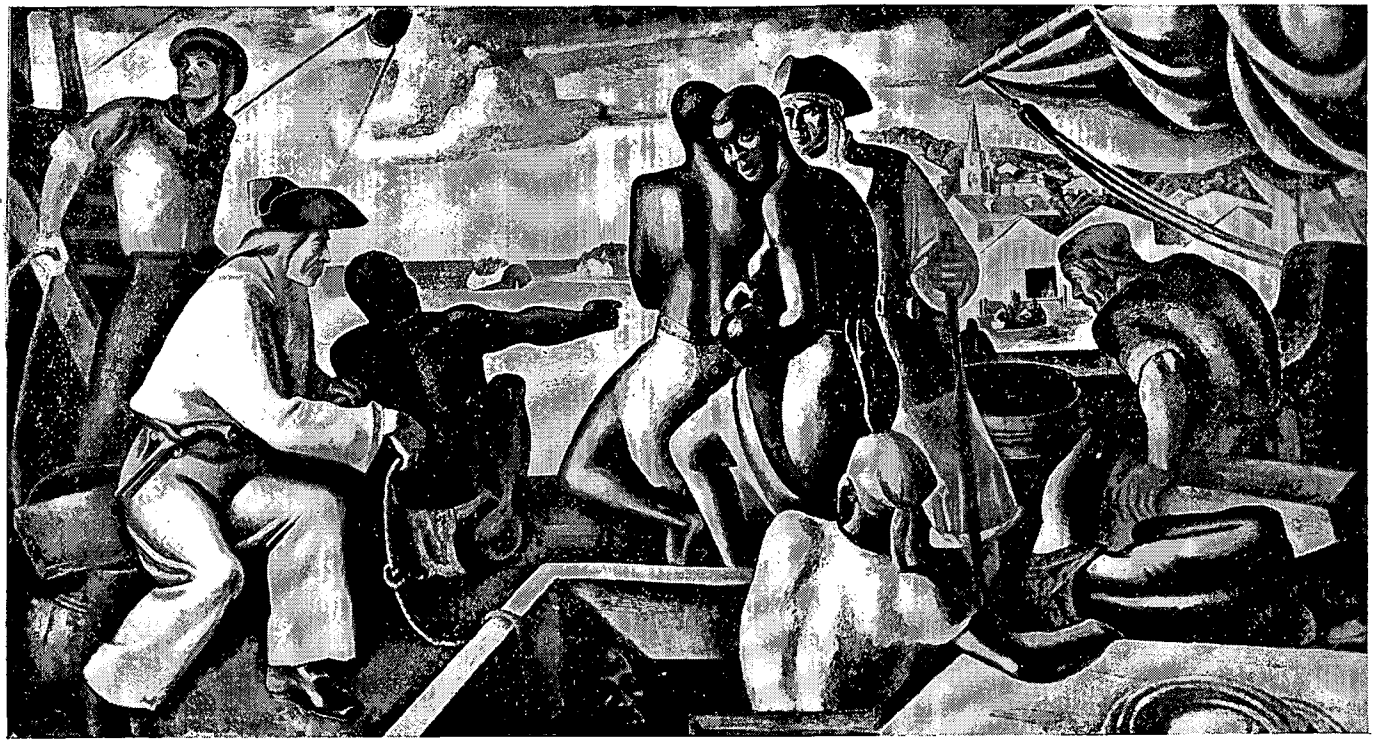

SLAVE TRADERS IN AMERICA

TRADE AND COMMERCE IN THE UNITED STATES

Unlike Masefield who in a few swinging lines in the poem Cargoes restored the colorful past of trade, Robinson does not see a drab present occupied with "cheap, tin trays." In the modern department store, with wealth of the immediate and remote, goods of every land, spread before its thousands, the actual panorama of commerce can be seen, the spices and jewels of the caravan routes, down to the very airplanes of today.

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At Filene's

Vicissitudes in the Share of Employes in Management

By MARY VAN KLEECK

EXPERIMENTS in new ideas in relations between employer and employes, bearing the name of a company or an individual owner, —the Rockefeller Plan, the Dix Plan, Golden Rule Nash, the Mitten Idea—are essentially an American product of the past twenty years. Capital takes labor as its partner, and both agree to settle their differences and to cooperate for the success of the business. Next to the obvious question, How do they work in practice?, is the more fundamental one, Have these ideas roots? Is there any guarantee that they will endure beyond the will of the men that initiate them? Will they be able to preserve in a mechanized, impersonal order the values of human relations in industry?

In the past ten years the Department of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation has been observing a group of these plans, making a record of their history as a basis for answers to some of these questions. Studies already published have described at length the Rockefeller Plan in the coal mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company; the same plan in the company's steel works at Pueblo; the Partnership Plan of the Dutchess Bleachery at Wappingers Falls, New York; and now a report on the Filene store by Mary LaDame, to be published within a month, sharpens the question to what happens with increase in size and concentration of financial control. (The Filene Store, by Mary LaDame. Russell Sage Foundation. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic).

The Filene store, which sells clothing and many related accessories to women and men in Boston, Massachusetts, with branches in smaller New England communities, has spanned the period of most rapid growth of retail selling in the United States. In fifty years it has evolved through all the prevailing styles in financial organization, from one-man ownership through various types of incorporation, finally achieving within the past year a combination with other stores in a holding company of large proportions. From 1881, when the elder Filene opened a shop on Winter Street to sell gloves, trimmings, laces, furs and buttons to the New England ladies of the demure '80s, to 1929, when his sons and their partners headed the largest retail store of its kind in the world, employing 3,000 men and women in an eight-story building on Summer Street, with net sales amounting annually to approximately thirty million dollars, this business stands as the prototype of undreamed-of changes in the economic life of the new world.

Mass production has made necessary large-scale distribution. Some idea of the growth in merchandising is gained from the census figures, though they do not give us the count limited to stores. In 1880 the census reported in "trade and transportation" a total of 1,866,481 wage-earners and in 1920 the total for these two groups was 7,306,561. The women employes listed in "trade and transportation," who in 1880 were probably mainly employed in "trade," numbered 62,852 in 1880, and in 1920 were 880,846. By 1930 the first "census of distribution" is to be taken by the United States government. Wholesale and retail trade has now become comparable with manufacturing and agriculture in the economic life of the United States. Whether it is economically efficient or inefficient makes a difference in the cost of living of all of us. The status of employes influences the efficiency of a store more directly than in a highly mechanized factory, for the reason that selling goods is still a hand and brain process and likely to remain so, though machines may be used in keeping records and delivering purchases.

The changes of these fifty years in the growth of retail trade have been more radical than mere growth. From Winter Street to Summer Street in the Filene store has marked an evolution in type. Throughout the period of growth the early personal relations of the small store were carried over into the larger organization. In the last few months, however, a combination has been consummated with four other stores which have had a similar growth during the same period: Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn, F. R. Lazarus & Company of Columbus, R. H. White Company of Boston (previously combined in ownership with Filene's) and Bloomingdale Brothers of New York. The important question now is whether the personal relations of the early days can be continued within this new type of financial organization, or whether an entirely new plan of relationships remains to be evolved in American industry. Upon this question only future experience can throw light. The present study is useful because it gives the whole story of the development of human relations in this store up to the time of the merger.

IN the fifty years of the independent life of the Filene store, the status of employes in the retail trade generally has been more or less left to employers without interference. Labor laws in so-called mercantile employment have lagged behind factory acts. Trade unions have been practically non-existent. Yet wages and hours were at one time so far below the desirable standard as to give rise to the formation of the Consumers' League of New York early in the '90s, to attempt to improve conditions through the influence of the consumer by making or withholding purchases. The league became national in scope and developed organizations in other cities, including Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland. In the early days a white list was formed, upon which were named the stores paying what was considered a fair minimum wage though never an adequate living. Twenty years ago, for instance, the minimum was six dollars a week for a saleswoman with a year's experience in New York. Gradually, through the influence of the league, laws limiting the hours of work and controlling sanitary conditions and safety were put on the statute books. Massachusetts went further and

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enacted a minimum wage law applicable to stores, which has withstood the shock of the Supreme Court's decisions on other wage laws because in Massachusetts acceptance of the board's awards is voluntary.

THROUGH these years of slow improvement in the status of employes in the mercantile trades generally, the Filene organization has dealt consistently and highmindedly with all the problems of employment conditions. Always it has aimed to be in advance of prevailing improvements. In plans for definite organization of relationships with its employes it has been well ahead of contemporaneous styles in "industrial relations." Its working hours have been shorter than the requirements of the labor law. Before the state enacted its wage law, a minimum wage was established by the Filenes, below which no one would be employed. While the state permits a child of fourteen to go to work, the Filene store employs no one under sixteen. Legal requirements for comfort and sanitation are far exceeded by physical conditions and by provision for much more than a minimum of health and comfort—in employes' restaurants, in sick benefits, medical attention by store nurses and physicians, and in a new type of care for employes' welfare represented in a credit union for savings and loans, social clubs and classes, a band, an orchestra and a choral club.

All of these activities, moreover, were not welfare work in the ordinary sense of paternal care by the employer, which is out of line with the democratic ideas of American—or European—workers. These activities are carried on by the employes themselves through the Filene Cooperative Association. Very much more power than such responsibility for welfare work has been given to this association. Its purpose has been "to give its members a voice in their government, to increase their efficiency, to add to their social opportunities and to sustain a just and equitable relation between employer and employe." It has functioned through its own executive council and committees, and until recently it also nominated four of the eleven members of the company's board of directors. An Arbitration Board, composed only of representatives of employes, has the power to overrule or sustain a discharge of any employe who feels himself unjustly dismissed. In the proceedings of the board, management is given only a hearing and no voice.

Thus a definite scheme for sharing management with the store's employes has been developed in the Filene organization. Nor was this merely a post-war development, as have been many similar plans in American industry. It had its beginnings before the turn of the century. It has functioned with all its principal features for more than twenty-five years.

THESE activities by employes have been matched by the development of personnel and employment functions by the company. Training has gone through a long and interesting growth, from conferences with salespeople which the elder Filene initiated in his little store to a fully organized training department and finally to the plan of having supervisors in the different departments assume the responsibility for teaching new employes, with such assistance as a central service training department can give. In these processes the employes themselves have been called into conference to determine what the content of instruction should be.

All these activities, even the more unusual one of sharing management with employes, have had their origin in the Filenes' conviction that a retail store will succeed best if its employes are well selected, well trained and given a responsible share in the organization. After all, it is the salesman or woman who deals with the customer, and who by failing to sell can nullify the effort which has gone into the previous steps of selecting the goods.

Success to an unusual degree has justified this recognition of the importance of human relations in the organization of the store. Into the details of the procedures which have been developed, the experiments which have been tried and the plans which have been abandoned, it is not necessary to enter. Miss LaDame's study gives the whole history. Here it is important to comment upon developments which have taken place since the main study was completed. Preceding the merger a financial reorganization took place. What effect have the reorganization and the merger had upon the Filene's plans for industrial relations?

The financial reorganization was preceded by a swing to increasing concentration of control as against the previous trend toward diffusion through sharing it with employes. The original plans for profit-sharing were finally abandoned in favor of a bonus awarded by the management and, also, concentrated upon a few. A provision in the early by-laws, whereby the Filene Cooperative Association might acquire a substantial part of the stock after the withdrawal of the Filenes from the organization, was eliminated in 1928. The original idea that those who managed the store should be its owners is now reversed through the formation of a holding company. The personnel department still does its work well, and the Filene Cooperative Association continues its management of welfare activities. But step by step the ideas of sharing management, sharing profits and sharing ownership have retreated before the force of increasing size, growing concentration of control and final combination of stock ownership with other businesses.

IN Edward A. Filene's opinion, these developments represent failure to carry out his original ideas for the business. He has made a very large contribution to the development of efficiency in retail stores, notably through his emphasis upon scientific methods of management, such as clear-cut definitions of policies, standards and procedures, and the so-called model stock system. These are based upon the idea of organizing and administering a business scientifically in the service of the public and gradually decreasing the spread between the cost of production and the cost to the consumer. Training employes and giving them a definite share in management and a chance to share in ownership were historically a part of this main idea of developing the business of a retail store on a more scientific basis.

This main idea has been furthered by A. Lincoln Filene, not only in his work in the store but in the leadership and promotion of the Retail Research Association, which includes seventeen other stores in this country and one in England.

In the changes whereby this working conception has become subordinate to concentration of control, Edward A. Filene has been in disagreement with his associates and the employes have been passive. The story, in short, is one of capital's seeking a new status for labor—without labor's interest or self-activity—and failing to get it because the very success of the organization increased its value beyond the possibility of sharing ownership. Perhaps, also, a principal reason for failure was that no definite functional responsibility for the employes with reference to management was worked out, and the status of (*Continued on page* 549)

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Indians Inc.

By JOHN COLLIER

FOR several years prior to March 4, last, Indian affairs were a battleground. The Indian Bureau, a willing victim of the system which had created it, resisted all fundamental change. Indians, and their friends in and out of Congress, demanded fundamental change. The Indian Bureau was strong enough to block legislation. Within the framework of existing law, the bureau was a czar. The bureau in its turn was a slave to impracticable but implacable laws of Congress. It is even now a slave. Wrongs and miseries human, dramatic and shocking became known to the public. The Senate Indian investigation, whose work is not yet finished, established many of the facts outside of controversy. Bureau chiefs who were fighting against any and all change, became personifications of the old system and appeared to be responsible for its accumulated evils. These men are gone.

What a change from a year ago! It is not yet a change in the conditions of Indian life, nor even in the rank-and-file personnel or the purely administrative system of the Indian Bureau. It is a change in the administration's philosophy—in its attitude toward the system of Indian affairs as a whole. and toward the body of law which has created that system and which continues to hold the Indian Bureau, and the Indians alike, in a grip of iron extended from an almost forgotten past.

Indian affairs are no longer, or for the present have ceased to be, a battleground. Instead, they are a field where demolition, reconstruction and new construction are possible and are necessary. The new administration knows this fact and proclaims it. Fundamental change is welcomed, is actively sought, by the administration itself—structural change, made possible and permanent by new statutes and carried into effect through a carefully reorganized Indian Service. And short of this result, pursued with wisdom but not rashness, Secretary Wilbur and Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood will consider that they have failed. None can yet promise that they will succeed.

The legislative situation is thus far favorable, not only in the Senate but in the House. Outside groups concerned with Indian welfare are working in concert. Public opinion looks for radical reforms, even demands them. Such a convergence of opportunity may never be possible again. It is the Indians' first chance and it may be their last.

This article deals with one part of the Indian situation and one body of laws—the allotment system and allotment laws. The allotment acts are the backbone of Indian law. Allotment has destroyed much Indian life, and has dominated all of it, save in limited areas of the Southwest and in New York State, during thirty to forty years gone by. Indian poverty is chiefly poverty of alloted Indians. Indian idleness is idleness of alloted Indians. Indian disinheritance, moving ahead faster each year, is almost exclusively a disinheritance of alloted Indians. And the government's Indian bureaucracy spends millions a year in the supervision, admittedly without hopeful issue, of allotment matters.

When an Indian reservation is broken up, the land is parcelled out to individuals by allotment. And when the allotees die, it is sold—not transferred to the heirs—a practice which nearly always delivers it to white owners. The forecast has been made that 25 years more of the allotment system will see the Indians dispossessed of their stake in the continent once theirs. This, so far as we know, is the first serious appraisal of the situation and of a way out.

And the laws have compelled the situation to be what it is. There are huge material consequences which these laws have produced, with which, under existing law, the government and the Indians alike are forbidden to cope. The alloted Indian population is more than two-thirds of the Indian race. The alloted area is much more than one-half of the total Indian country. The surface value of the alloted area is probably three-fourths of the surface value of all Indian lands. Here, evidently, is a problem essentially impersonal and nevertheless acute, and central to the reform of Indian affairs.

The community estate of the Indian group is broken up into individual holdings. Each man, woman and child receives his bit of land. All tribal authority over the individualized land is abolished. Usually, only a part of the tribal estate is alloted. Allotment is part of the operation of breaking up a reservation. The surplus lands, so-called, are bought from the tribe by the government, or sold by the government to whites, usually at a very low price fixed by law. A dollar and a quarter an acre has been the customary price. Immense confiscations of Indian land (they have virtually been confiscations, and the Indians have so regarded them) have thus been carried out.

DURING the last few decades, it has become the rule to withhold from allotment such properties as power sites, minerals and oil, and timber. These are held as tribal estates under the government's trusteeship.

The Navajos and the Pueblos, most of the Apaches, and the Papagos, have been spared from allotment. Their holdings, with the residual tribal estates above mentioned, total about 34,000,000 acres. The alloted area has totalled about 39,000,000 acres. The alloted acreage no longer in government trust and irrevocably lost to the Indians, is not known but it totals millions.

For twenty-five years, sometimes more, sometimes less, the Interior Department holds the allotee's land in trust. The land is tax exempt; it cannot be sold or mortgaged; it may be leased with the Interior Department's consent, or by the department. Federal liens may be placed on it, and have been placed in the amount of more than $25,000,000 for irrigation and other costs. These liens violate the guarantees of the allotment acts and are

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presumptively unconstitutional, but they are enforced and are collected by the government.

When the trust period ends, a fee-patent is passed to the Indian allotee. His land then becomes taxable, may be sold or privately encumbered, and in all particulars is discharged from trust.

When the allotee dies, the trust allotment is sold. The government sells it. The sale is practically mandatory under the allotment law; is in addition an administrative necessity; and as will be explained below, the deceased allotee's heirs hardly ever can inherit the land or purchase it. Hence, all Indian alloted land is destined for white possession by the second or, at the utmost, the third generation.

Wholesale allotment dates from the General Allotment Act of 1887 and the Oklahoma Allotment Acts of the eighteen-nineties.

The purpose, frankly stated, of cheaply diminishing the Indian land-holdings, was one reason for the allotment policy. But there were two dogmas, sincere even if blind, forming or sanctioning the allotment policy. These dogmas have produced effects through the whole of Indian life and have largely formed Indian law and Indian administration. Their applications have gone beyond allotment. Not until they are understood, can the present state of Indian affairs be made intelligible.

First dogma: Indian tribal or community life was evil. It was nothing but a resistance to civilization. It was starvation and poison to the individual Indian, and in no case was it nurture or motive or discipline. Its destruction was an end in itself.

Photo by Clare Stratton

Self-supporting and culturally whole—one of the still unalloted women of the Navajo tribe

AN identical dogma was once applied in Polynesia and to the Maoris of New Zealand. And the recent words of General Smuts, referring to Africa, precisely describe the American dogma toward Indians. "The African [the Indian] was good as a potential European [American], but his social and political culture was bad, barbarous, only deserving to be stamped out, root and branch."

Commissioner Robert G. Valentine, of the Indian Bureau, stated in 1910:

> The essential feature of the government's great educational program for the Indians is the abolition of the old tribal relations and the treatment of every Indian as an individual. The basis of this individualization is the breaking up of tribal lands into allotments to the individuals of the tribe. This step is fundamental to the present Indian policy of the government. Until their lands are alloted, the government is merely marking time in dealing with any group of Indians.

The Indian heritage, institutions and system of human relationships were believed to rest on a communal ownership of land. In order to destroy Indian communal life, Indian communal ownership must be destroyed. Allotment would accomplish this result. The individual's economic life must be torn loose from and walled off by law from his tribe; hence, tribal connection with alloted land was cut off in an absolute way. Not even the Indian family could interlock with the alloted land An absolute individualism of ownership, subject only to control from Washington, was linked with the virtual prohibition of inheritance of alloted land by Indian heirs.

Other results of this dogma have been the proscription of Indian native religions, the many-sided warfare against the Indian family institution, the forced separation of the children from their parents and groups by the boarding-school and outing systems, and the shutting out from the Indian schools of all taint of Indian heritage. The outright destruction of the Oklahoma Indian tribal governments by acts of Congress was another, and a peculiarly ironic, result of the dogma. For these governments had been set up by the tribes under treaty guarantees, in one of the boldest attempts which history records toward the re-casting of an ancient culture into modern forms. Their great adventure failed, but it was the guardian government which first paralyzed and then killed it. General Francis A. Walker, commissioner of Indian affairs in 1872, thus testified concerning the Cherokee Oklahoma government:

> They have their own written language, their national constitution and laws, their churches, schools and academies, their judges and courts. They are emphatically an agricultural and stock-raising people, and perhaps of all Indian tribes, great and small, are first in general intelligence, in the acquisition of wealth, in the knowledge of the useful arts, and in social and moral progress. The evidence of a real and substantial advancement in these respects is too clear to be questioned.

These results had been achieved by the Cherokees across forty years during which they had been driven from the Carolinas to Kansas, from Kansas to Indian Territory. Here was no as-yet-undisturbed primitive harmony, no frail bloom to wither before the blasts of civilization. Here was conscious social creation, stern and bold self-adaptation by a virile tribe, under the supposed protection of guarantees as solemn as the United States by treaty could provide. The guarantees went away like smoke before the allotment dogma.

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Simultaneously came forced allotment and the destruction by act of Congress of the tribal institutions. As on the occasion of an earlier crisis in the eighteen-thirties, the Cherokees sought refuge in the Supreme Court, and as on the earlier occasion, they were pronounced defenseless. Their record is that of scores of Indian tribes. "Thou, who art now a cold ruin, wert once the dwelling of a king."

The Indian office itself, until March 4 last, sporadically carried forward the ancient warfare against tribal institutions. The struggle of former Assistant Commissioner Meritt, of the Indian Bureau, to break down the Council of All the New Mexican Pueblos, was one of many cases in point.

THE dogma which we are reviewing was indeed well served by the allotment system. For by itself, allotment has sufficed to destroy the responsible community life of many tribes. By itself, it has impaired the continuity of family life of two hundred thousand Indians. The destruction still goes forward, and any reconstruction of tribal, communal or corporate life on the alloted reservations is hindered and, in effect, vetoed by the allotment law and the conditions growing out of it.

The second allotment dogma was as follows: "Individual ownership of land has created the industry, thrift, ambition, etc., of white Americans. [Not the profit system or the principle of competition, but specifically and narrowly, the individual ownership of land.] Give such individual ownership to the Indian, and he will become laborious, thrifty, ambitious, and a go-getter generally." President Roosevelt's Indian commissioner, Francis C. Leupp, thus summarized the record: "Fixed in the minds of the statesmen who first attempted to formulate an Indian policy for our government, lay the philosophic premise that civilization has always gone hand in hand with individual landholding."

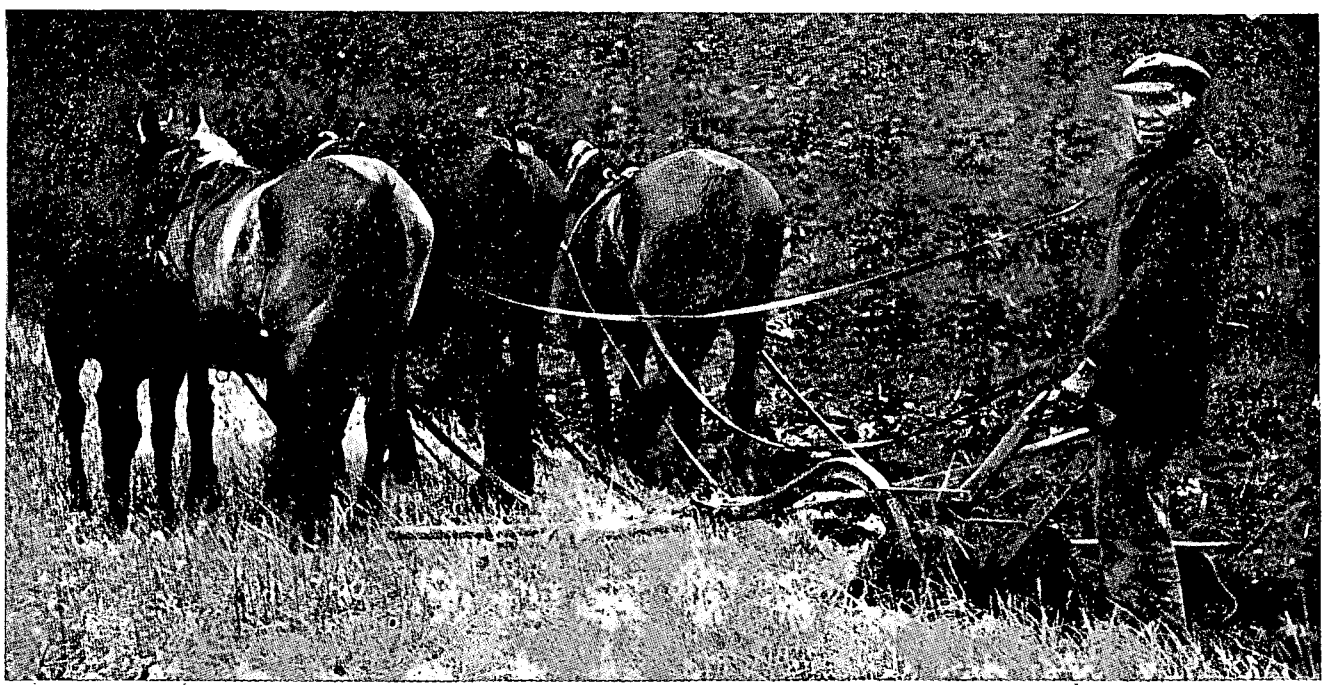
Orginally, the allotment system gave the Indian his allotment outright, "all in one fell swoop." The Brothertown Indians of Wisconsin were thus alloted in 1838. They almost instantly parted with their land. Such experiences made the legislators wise, and it was concluded that the transformation of the Indian by individual land-ownership would require twenty-five years for each individual. But the secretary of the interior was given power to shorten the trust period at will.

Photo by Clare Stratton

Antonia Mirabel of Taos, a competent Pueblo legislator

This mental and moral transformation was to be essentially a mystical operation. It had nothing to do with any actual use of his individual landholding by the Indian. Instead, the Indian was encouraged, and practically compelled to rent his land to whites. He did not pay taxes; he could not, under the law, incur obligations or make contracts; he was not provided the capital or tools wherewith to improve the land. Instruction in farming or farm organization was denied him. But at the end of twenty-five years, the dogma assumed that he would stand forth as an ambitious yeoman, industrious, trained and thrifty, serene on his individual landholding.

The mystical belief received a further expression in the amendments to the allotment law which were adopted in 1910. Children of alloted Indians, according to the implications of these amendments, were *born* into the state of mind of industrious, thrifty go-getters. A prenatal transformation had taken place. Hence the language of the act of June 25, 1910, which treats as a normal process the summary termination of the trust period for heirship alloted lands and the selling of these lands for cash. The children of the deceased allotee, born into a lusty Americanism and, by some dim implication, born into the possession of capital



The Indian hope which allotment does not fulfill—a self-sufficient farmer plowing his own acres

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for buying their fathers' land in competition with white bidders, were left the privilege of buying up their parents' land. Naturally, the facts have not connected with the theory.

This second phase of the allotment dogma had its supreme hour in 1917, when Franklin K. Lane was secretary of the interior and Cato Sells was commissioner of Indian affairs. Allotment, they decided, had achieved its mystical goal; the Indians, at least those with more than half of white blood in their veins, had been transformed into workers, savers, hoarders of land and haters of debt. Secretary Lane announced "a new and far-reaching policy. It means," his 1917 declaration stated, "the dawn of a new era in Indian administration." The policy was that of forcing on all half-blood Indians immediate, absolute ownership of their allotments. Nearly twenty thousand Indians were fee-patented in two and one-half years. The Board of Indian Commissioners gave unreserved praise. "We heartily endorse the policy," they said, "and desire to point out that it is in line with the policies which the Board of Indian Commissioners has advocated, consistently and continuously, for more than a quarter of a century."

BY 1921, the dogma had perished amid a carnage of ruined Indians. The Board of Indian Commissioners revised its quarter-century advocacy. But the structural evils of the Allotment Act remained and remain in full sway, and forced demoralization, ending in forced disinheritance, is the law of allotted Indian life.

The allotted Indian was sequestrated in his allotment. He was chained to his allotment. For twenty-five years, as he knew, he would have no personal control over his allotment—perhaps for fifty years, since the trust period could be extended by the president or by Congress. Or perhaps next year a fee-patent would be thrust on him, regardless of his competency or material equipment. Or his death would precipitate the dissolution of his holding, for so the law practically demanded.

Training, organization and credit are three prime necessities of farmers. They are instant necessities of farmers in the western irrigation areas. Training was not provided the Indians. Organization was virtually forbidden them, and credit was withheld. These facts are so adequately published in the Indian report of the Institute for Government Research (1927), that details are needless here. Secretary Hubert Work stated in his annual report for 1927:

> The government's experience in reclamation for white farmers has demonstrated that a minimum capital of $2,000 and two years experience in agriculture are necessary if they may expect to succeed in making a living on federal irrigated farms in the West, and these requirements have been established as a minimum qualification for all new settlers. Yet the Indian, untrained in agricultural pursuits and lacking individual capital, was placed on raw land and expected to acquire independence.
>
> Last year only 6,000 Indians could be assisted [by the Indian Bureau's industrial reimbursable credit system] . . . and to reach even this number only the necessities for cultivation, such as seeds, could be provided. The law permits loans for as much as $600 on unirrigated land, but the average assistance last year was $30, a sum so inconsiderable as to avail nothing toward agricultural development.

The Allotment Act pledged to the Indians that no encumbrance would be placed on their allotments. Congress was faithful to this pledge from 1887 until 1914. In 1914, Congress by retrospective legislation turned all gratuity expenditures for irrigation and the like back to 1867, into mortgages on the Indian land. Since 1914, Congress, as already stated, has piled the mortgages up and up, and they now exceed $25,000,000. They are collected currently in part, and when the allotted Indian dies the whole indebtedness is recaptured by the government, and the heir receives what cash is left, if any.

To provide means for collecting this indebtedness, the Interior Department has encouraged the Indians to lease their land. The temptation or necessity was overwhelming in any event, in the absence of training, tools, capital or organization to use the land. Whence has grown up the far-flung leasing system, through which the government collects more or less of its mortgage debt on the Indian land and the Indian subsists as a petty landlord on trivial rentals from his allotted holding. The Indian heirs, knowing that they cannot inherit the land, be it improved or unimproved, wait in the hope of some small capital to be derived from the sale of the allotment when the parents or relatives die.

The heirship sales meantime are fast chopping down the allotted estate. A reservation whose allotment is comparatively recent is the Blackfeet reservation of Montana. There, 410,000 acres, or one-third of the whole allotted area, are already in the heirship class, and 350,000 acres are waiting for white purchasers. The slump in the farm land market has retarded heirship sales throughout the Northwest and West, otherwise the Indians would be many millions of acres poorer today. But this retardation is only a momentary brake applied to the down-hill movement.

As for the Indian Bureau and its superintendents, their situation is a lugubrious one. As L. F. Schmeckebier states (Service Monograph No. 48, Institute of Government Research): "The predominant feature of the administration of Indian affairs since 1887 has been the great amount of work in connection with the affairs of the individual Indian." This means the administration of nearly 200,000 parcels of allotted land, and of heirship interests multiplied back and forth across allotted lands and across funds derived from the sales of these lands, to the number actually of millions; since one individual, under the allotment law, may possess an equity in the lease or sale proceeds of five, ten, or even twenty parcels of heirship land.

OVER all of these matters the Indian Bureau has power exclusive, exhaustive and final. The allotment system has a like power over the Indian Bureau. The bureau witnesses the effects of allotment in an idleness and demoralization of Indians, in the depletion of the soil by tenant farmers, in the ever-mounting indebtedness consuming the equity. It knows that the end result is total disinheritance for the Indians. It is helpless to check or even to decisively modify the process. Superintendents on allotted reservations wake and sleep in the fruitless, hopeless, ever-renewed minutiae of allotment deals and allotment adjustments, and in the discontent, despair, suspicion and hatred which the law and its practical consequences have planted in the Indian breast. There are superintendents who, by temperament or by habit, are inured to this life of a squirrel chasing himself in a cage. There are others who would welcome a different kind of chance to help the Indians. And at headquarters, there is no disagreement as to the harassment and futility of the situation and its ultimate tragedy. The superintendent of a North-western Indian reservation writes in 1929:

> We must sell from 35,000 to 50,000 acres a year [of allotted heirship land] for the next ten years, if we expect to absorb the acreage that we now have on (*Continued on page* 547)

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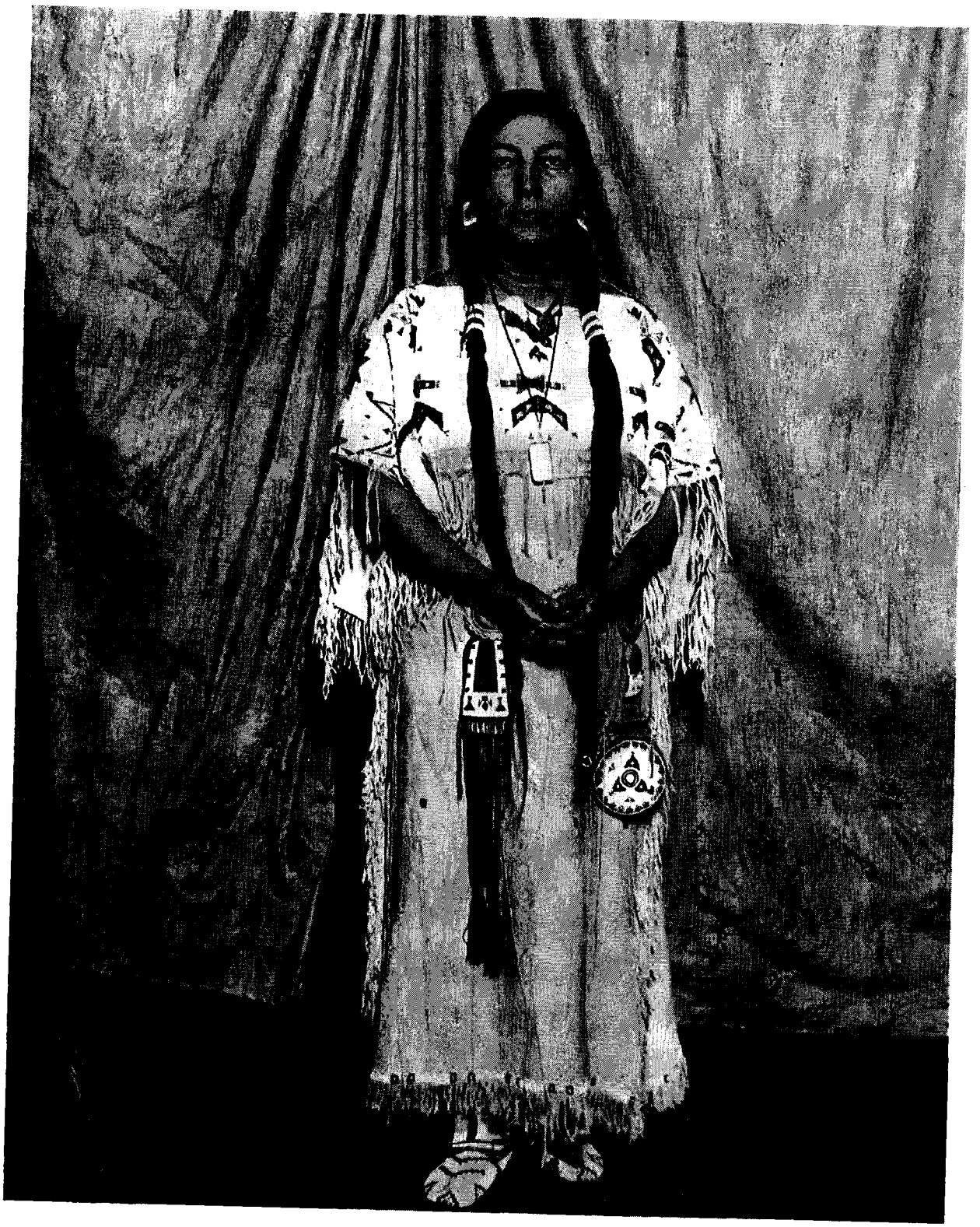

Photo by Underwood

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF AMERICAN INDIANS

Zitkala Sa (Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin)—though undefeated herself, is a member of a tribe which the government's policy of allotment has utterly ravaged

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History at Its Source

By HUBERT PHILLIPS

IF one looks at a map of California, even the best of maps, one will find in the southwesterly portion of the great inland valley a lake, several hundred square miles in extent, and bearing the name, Tulare Lake. But if one journeys, as travelers often do, to one of the towns shown by the map as being on the lake and asks, Where is the lake? one will meet with an incredulous stare; for the lake has disappeared and what was once its bottom produces, when Nature is favorable with her rain, immense quantities of barley and wheat.

The disappearance of this body of water, within the memory of men not yet old, is a story in itself but is only incidental to the purpose of this article. Within the delta of one of the rivers once emptying into Tulare Lake, the Kaweah River, but now entirely diverted for irrigation, there has developed, in what was naturally a poorly watered plain, one of the greatest citrus and dairy counties of California, Tulare County.

When the first white men came to this region a peaceful tribe of Indians, the Yokuts, inhabited the borders of the lake and the valleys of the rivers emptying into the lake. The Yokuts had been able to adapt themselves to the peculiar environment of the region and, without forays against more favorably situated tribes, were able to subsist upon its natural products, acorns, tule roots, game and fish.

During the Spanish period no settlements were made in this section of California. The first white men to come to the region in any number were from the southern part of the United States. As the news of the discovery of gold in the Sacramento Valley spread over the country the trail from southern California to the gold fields led through the territory where the Kaweah debouched out of the Sierra Nevada. Over this trail came many men from Texas and all the other southern states. Many a would-be miner must have made a mental note of the Kaweah country as he passed through it, for after the first rush for gold was over, or after a stake had been made, or more often, perhaps, after one had become reconciled to the fact that gold was for but few, many men returned to the Kaweah delta to make it a place of permanent settlement.

Closely on the heels of the "Americans" came a settlement of Irish from Australia, strangely enough, and Gilligan and McCabe and other Irish names are still frequent in Tulare County. In recent years, keeping pace with the development of the dairy industry, the Portuguese have come in large numbers. This group, like the Irish, presents an interesting example of migration by "broken voyages," if one may be allowed the expression. Natives of the Azores, they came first to the Hawaiian Islands and thence to California. The latest waves of immigration to reach the county were practically simultaneous although, to be exact, the Mexican preceded the Negro. Within the past ten years, the Mexican here, as elsewhere in California, has become the itinerant fruit worker, while within the past five years the southern Negro in large numbers has come in with the developing cotton culture.

Such is the diverse racial composition of Tulare City and vicinity where there has developed the first Community Adult School in the United States. It is not the purpose of this article to describe that interesting piece of educational pioneering. If I mistake not it is already familiar to Survey readers. But there was one phase of the 1929 Adult School which students of the adult education movement feel was especially significant and important. It is that which will be described, as briefly as possible, in the following paragraphs.

THE date for the 1929 Adult Week End School was set for six successive Friday nights in January and February. When the writer was asked to lead one of the six groups, into which the school was to be divided, on the subject, The History of Tulare County, demurrer was made chiefly on the ground of ignorance on the writer's part of the subject matter to be considered by his group and furthermore that the time was too brief in which one might inform oneself even if there was printed material available.

The director of the school informed me that there was not much in print and that, as far as he was concerned, we might ignore that. What there was to work with, he said, was a group of men and women, rapidly becoming fewer in number, whose lives stretched back to the days of the early settlement of the county. With them would die the knowledge of many happenings and events of pioneer days. The director's thought regarding the proposed course is shown by the following quotation from the bulletin announcing the Adult School:

> An original presentation of the human story involved in the growth and development of the Tulare County community from a poorly watered plain to an agricultural empire, to be told in large part by the pioneers and survivors of the various periods. The individual experiences of this group will be woven into a historical whole by the leader, for the purpose of arriving at certain principles underlying the growth of western communities. For convenience, the history is divided into six periods:
>
> 1. The Indian period—reception of the white man.
> 2. The original white immigration.
> 3. Early political life–county organization.
> 4. Agricultural development — water problem.

Courtesy F. F. Latta

Bob Icho, headman of the tribe of Wukchumne, with his cheerful family

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5. Development of social life—schools, churches, and the like.
6. The new county—present and future problems.

Such was the strange history course the writer was asked to conduct. A course in which the leader or "teacher" was not supposed to take material from the printed page and make it vivid and real to the class, but, instead, was to get expressed in words material which existed only in the memories of men and women.

After the course had been definitely determined upon by those organizing the school there were still some uncertainties about it. Would the older folk of the community be interested enough to attend and if they did would the meetings simply furnish an opportunity for garrulous old men and women to repeat tales, most of which were not true or, at best, only partially true? This was the test for the leader. If he were to be anything more than a presiding officer he must have the ability to "feel" the group and to differentiate quickly between the one who simply had a tale to repeat and him who had a real contribution to make; to discourage in the one case, and to encourage in the other.

The result of the undertaking was full of surprises. No one suspected the wealth of material that was to be poured out in the reminiscences of the men and women who composed the group. No night was more surprising than the first when the announced subject went back beyond the memory of all but two or three of the very oldest people of the community. Yet they did not make the greatest contribution to that evening's discussion. The class discussion was barely started when it became evident that a teacher of mechanic arts in the Tulare High School, a man thirty years of age, had a most astonishing knowledge of the customs and language of the Yokut Indians. He knew personally the four or five surviving members of that tribe; he had taken elaborate notes of his conversations with an old pioneer, recently deceased, who had lived as a boy with the Yokuts; and he had excavated many Indian burial grounds. There were quite a few others in the group who were also familiar with the burial practices of the Yokuts.

The result of the first evening's discussion, if the leader is in a position to judge, was the creation of a profound respect for the Yokut. The group realized how completely the Yokut had mastered his environment; how he had taken the tule, a long reed-like plant that grew in abundance along the lake and rivers, and from it obtained food, clothing, shelter and boat-making material. Also, in some strange way, he had learned to leach the tannic acid from the acorn so that acorn meal, acorn bread and acorn soup formed his staple article of diet. In addition, the group learned that the Indians of this particular section welcomed the first white men and that bloodshed and strife came only after it became evident that the Indian was to be pushed back toward the mountains and out of the territory which furnished him his two principal articles of food, tule roots and acorns.

Courtesy F. F. Latta

Ada Icho, fullblooded Wukchumne, with her grandchildren represents the culture that was the study of a most unusual history class

The reader, from his knowledge of the pioneer history of our country, can, in part, fabricate in his mind the substance of the later discussions. But, it should be remembered, it was not hearsay discussion. Men and women were telling, not what they had read, but what they had experienced. One man, for example, who attended every meeting had come into the community as a young boy with the very first settlers. He had seen the displacement of the Indian; the organization of the first county government which made Tulare County larger than the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined; had witnessed the struggles of the later settlers with the Southern Pacific Railroad for good land at reasonable price, a struggle graphically described in Frank Norris' The Octopus; had been an interested party in the contest between the cattle-men and the farmers culminating in the No Fence Law which forced the cattle-men and their herds back into the hills; had been an active participant in the formation of the first irrigation district and for fifty years had been a director of one or more such districts. This man's experience was unusual only in its length. The life and memories of many members of the class covered the same events with the exception of the very earliest ones.

As the sixth, and last, meeting approached those responsible for the undertaking naturally asked themselves, Has it been worth while? No one thought of asking, Has it been interesting? The attendance and the eagerness of the group each evening answered the latter question. But what of its value, especially to the large number of young and middle-aged people who had attended but who had no contribution to make and so could not participate in the discussions except to the extent of asking questions?

ON the last night, a few minutes before final adjournment, the leader asked for a frank reply to the question, What has this course meant to you; has it been worth while? Before an answer was made he reminded the group that he had not planned the course, had practically been drafted to lead it, and that he told them at the first meeting that he did not pretend to know anything about the history of Tulare County.

The response was immediate and entirely convincing that the course had served a purpose. Condensing and summarizing the responses of the group the following statements can be said to express the group judgment:

1. Was an introduction to California history for those who had lived most of their lives in other states.
2. Made real a certain dignity, standards of character and nobility, in the Indian which had not been appreciated before.

(*Continued on page* 544)

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Drugs Et Cetera

By T. SWANN HARDING

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

Possibly no all-American institution stands as a better symbol of Yankee enterprise and credulity than the glittering emporium which sells books, percolators, bathing slippers, rouge, sandwiches, toys for the baby and whatnot, and goes by the name of the drug-store. In the preceding issue of Survey Graphic physicians pointed out that the American penchant for patent medicines is a not inconsiderable item in the cost of medical care. Here, in a chapter from a forthcoming book, Mr. Harding, research chemist and writer along many lines of scientific iconoclasm, describes with evidence from the pharmacists themselves some of the methods of drug-store merchandising which confuse and perplex doctor, patient and proprietor, and affect the price and quality of the prescriptions we buy over the counter.

FAR be it from me to be maliciously critical of druggists. They are too much imposed upon already. They admit it. Their journals constantly protest the antics of thoughtless people who come in and use them as conveniences and profit them nothing. Years ago I remember a young man who opened a drug store in our town, in the good old days when individuals opened drug stores. The first customer was a plaintive, querulous old lady who, after purchasing a two-cent stamp, made a trenchant remark that is still indelibly engraved upon the tablets of my memory. (There is nothing like a course in English from the movie subtitles.) She said—"I came here instead of going to the postoffice for I like to encourage young men and I do want to see you get along."

I worked in a drug store once myself. One of my rare moments of vision was vouchsafed me there. I was alone in the store when a girl came in for some paregoric. I was abstracted at the time. In fact, I was reading an old medical treatise; I do not need to specify what part thereof—and I rather hastily gave the girl the drug and returned to my book. Not ten minutes later the girl's irate mother appeared —the paregoric was not what it should be. In fact, she had smelled of it and regarded it in a good light and it was rotten.

Immediately my vision came and I agreed with her. It had spoiled. Would she wait ten minutes? I would be glad to make some fresh. She was mollified and I retired behind that mysterious screen which separates the drug store holy of holies from the unsanctified parking space out in front. I retired to meditate and see what in the devil could be the matter. Almost at once I observed that the stock bottle of tincture of iodine sat beside that containing the paregoric. In my abstraction I had given the child iodine in lieu paregoric. That was easy to remedy, but I loitered at the business and even read a few moments before I emerged from the sanctum with the "newly prepared" paregoric in hand. The mother took it and went on her way assured that, though young, I was a thoughtful and courteous lad, willing to go out of my way to please and inclined to be careful as well.

Who gives you the right time, the use of a phone, and a meeting place?

Later, when I retailed the episode to my employer, the pharmacist who ran the store, he told me my technique was perfect. First, I wisely assumed I knew what was the matter and that I knew how to make it right. I pacified and placated an irate customer and led her to believe that I knew my business, and intended to give her honest service. I magnified a very simple procedure into something skilled and slightly esoteric by loitering ten minutes at a job I could have done in two. In short, I kept up appearances, satisfied the customer, enhanced the prestige of the store, and sold the goods. That I did not kill the baby is, at least in this place, an alien and irrelevant factor we may as well politely ignore.

But this launches us upon pharmacy. Adhering rather closely to their prescription work, as differentiated from their traffic in soap, kodaks, sandwiches, bathmats, confectionery, writing paper, and patent or "proprietary" remedies, what do pharmacists do and how well do they manage to do it?

One day not long ago I was talking to a druggist. He was an old friend of mine and began to expound some of the technicalities of his trade. It was summer and near the seashore and he pointed out to me some fancy bottles of "Dobson's Special Antiseptic Lotion" . . . . . with his name attached, of course, as the producer. He remarked: "That's real salesmanship there. I get that junk at a price enabling me to sell it at a quarter an eight-ounce bottle, but it didn't go last year. So I saved it up. See how I've got it labeled now? It's a wow. I get $1.25 for four ounces of it! If they come in with plain, ordinary sunburn I sniff; I sell

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'em a bottle with the old label on for a quarter. But if I can convince 'em they've got poisonous and excessive sunburn, and I usually can, they lap this stuff up." He lit a cigar, expanded his chest complacently, and continued:

"It's a great old public after all. Here—here's 'Dusenberry's Coryza Tablets'—pretty name that. I can sell 100 of them for 50 cents if I want to. I somehow don't want to. There's a reason. I can put thirty of 'em in a bottle, tag my name to it, call it 'Dobson's Special La Grippe Tablets,' like you see it labeled, and they come from all over town for the junk. Honest to God people come here and tell me they can't take 'Dusenberry's Coryza Tablets' because they make 'em sick; yet they buy these, get their colds cured and tell me they're great. Same tablets. How did God ever expect a druggist to be honest when he made the dear public so dumb? That's what I want to know."

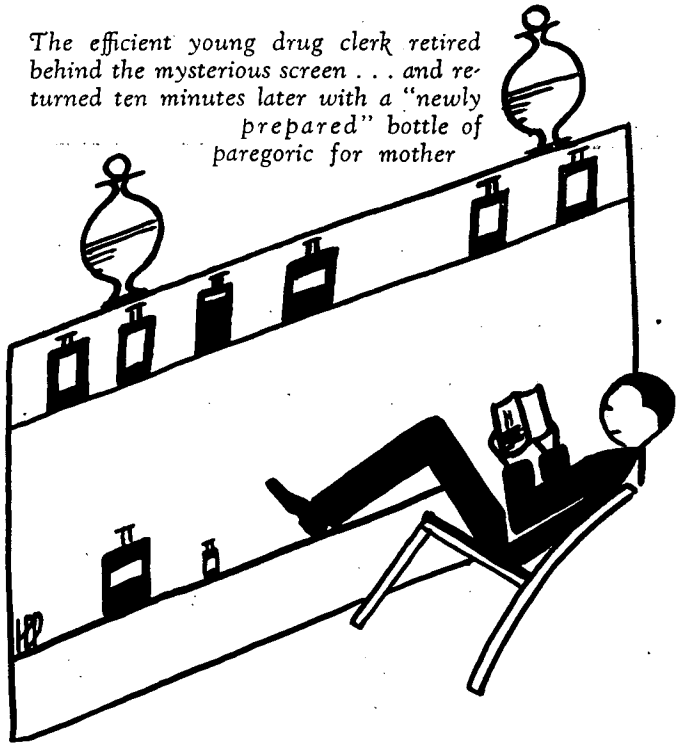
We were interrupted at this point by a lady public who remarked irately that her doctor said her prescription wasn't right; it didn't taste right; it had the wrong drugs in it. The druggist looked wisely at the bottle, tasted the contents, stood in solemn judgment, and then told her he would fix that. He did. She soon went off radiant. He then opened his mouth and taught me saying, "It's the same damned stuff. I put a little flavor in it. The doctor is a nut. He can't taste what that has in it; he wants to show off to his patients. Show you how much they know, oil of wintergreen's a common flavor, and it costs four times as much as methyl salicylate, and tastes so much like it not a doctor in town can tell the difference. I know. I've had one bottle of oil of wintergreen on my shelf for the last twelve years; I've used methyl salicylate every time wintergreen was called for and fooled every doctor who kicked by shaking that old oil of wintergreen bottle in his face. It's a lot of bunk." He drew long on his cigar, ruminated a moment, and then a new thought struck him.

"Of course we're not perfect any more'n the doctor. Don't get that idea in your head. The doctor says don't take patent medicines—proprietary remedies advertised to laymen. If we are 'good' druggists we tell the customer the same thing and send 'em to a doctor. Then in half the cases he sends 'em right back here with a prescription for a proprietary which is called 'ethical' because it advertises itself to physicians only. Ten years ago only a fifth of our prescriptions were for those drug compounds or mixtures made up large scale by manufacturers; today half of 'em are for such stuff. I'm not kicking. There's not so much profit in this U.S.P. prescribing, this old time stuff of putting the drugs together yourself. There's much more profit in soaking the label off a bottle of medicine that came from a drug house, putting on your label, fixing it up like a prescription, having the customer wait for it an hour or two to make him think he is getting service and expert professional skill and then soaking him all he'll pay for the result. There's money in that.

"And then if the druggist kicks because his 'profession' is taken away from him a lot of it's his own damned fault. Look at the dumb things he did. He didn't know his solubilities even if he got the drugs right. He was all the time making ointments that weren't smooth, emulsions that wouldn't stand, liquid preparations that had solid matter settling out of them, capsules or tablets that were too horse-big for a patient to swallow. Lord, you ought to see some of the dumb prescription work I've seen. When a big drug house makes up tablets or liquids they all look the same at least; any city in the country you get 'em they taste the same. The physician is better satisfied and so is the customer, but it isn't all it's cracked up to be at that.

"TAKE digitalis, that's a common drug. Ten years ago I stocked a bottle of fluid extract, a bottle of tincture and some digitalis leaves and that was that. Will you come back here and look what I've got now? Here's oral tablets, hypodermic tablets, capsules and the liquid; I have thirty-six different preparations of digitalis put up by seventeen different drug houses. Look at the expense of that. And why? Because some doctor has the notion in his head that he must prescribe digitalis this way and from this firm, while another one is just as certain he's got to prescribe it that way from that firm or get bad results! Here's liver—that's a new one we took over from the butcher; I've got liver extract, powder, liquid, capsule, ampule, substance, meal, paste, and tablets from five manufacturers and in twelve varieties. I've got thyroid in two forms from six manufacturers in twenty-four different kinds of packages. I've got ephedrine capsules, solutions, elixirs, sprays, jellies, syrups, inhalants and hypodermic tablets from thirty-two different manufacturers and in eighty different sorts of packages. Of every hundred prescriptions I get these days only about fifty will be for U.S.P. products, the old time prescription compounding; about eight will be for some sort of glands and half of that is rot; the rest will be for 'ethical' proprietary compounds all labeled differently from each other and all about alike inside.

"When it comes to cosmetics—Lord help my hypotenuse. Every face dope when it gets a name tries to lend it to



The efficient young drug clerk retired behind the mysterious screen . . . and returned ten minutes later with a "newly prepared" bottle of paregoric for mother

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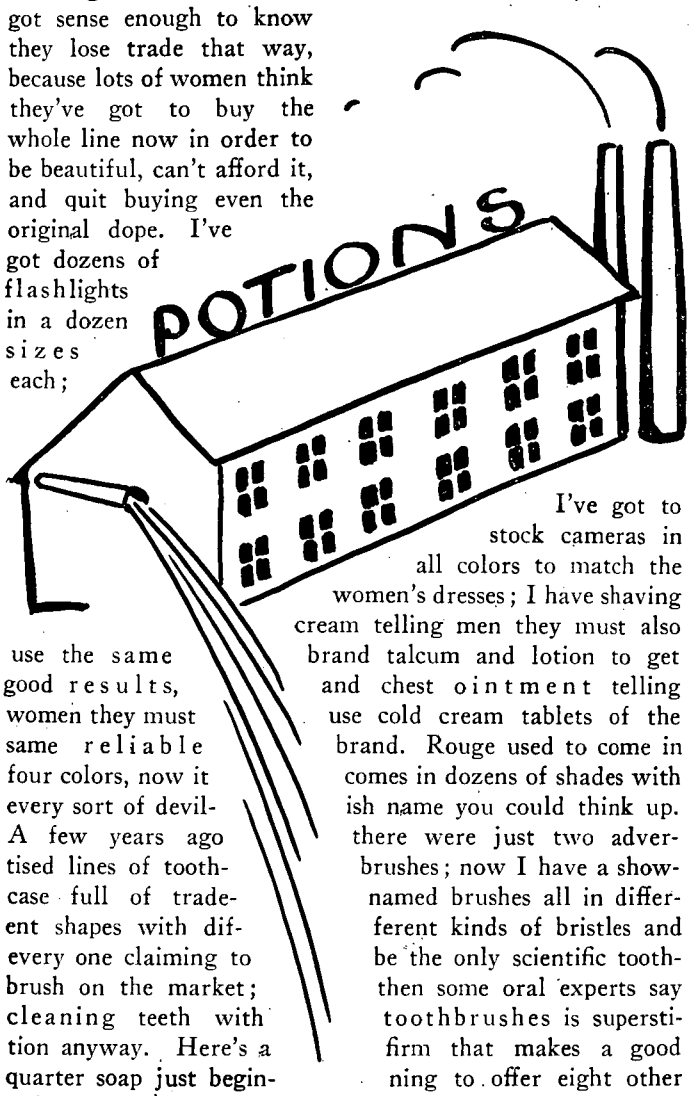
a complete line of beauty treatment, all to sell on the advertising name of the one that made good. They haven't got sense enough to know they lose trade that way, because lots of women think they've got to buy the whole line now in order to be beautiful, can't afford it, and quit buying even the original dope. I've got dozens of flashlights in a dozen sizes each;



I've got to stock cameras in all colors to match the women's dresses; I have shaving cream telling men they must also use the same brand talcum and lotion to get good results, and chest ointment telling women they must use cold cream tablets of the same reliable brand. Rouge used to come in four colors, now it comes in dozens of shades with every sort of devilish name you could think up. A few years ago there were just two advertised lines of toothbrushes; now I have a showcase full of tradenamed brushes all in different shapes with different kinds of bristles and every one claiming to be the only scientific toothbrush on the market; then some oral experts say cleaning teeth with toothbrushes is superstition anyway. Here's a firm that makes a good quarter soap just beginning to offer eight other toilet items, and there's no real reason for any of 'em except the original soap. I have at least sixty dentifrices and only a dozen of them sell well enough to be worth stocking; I've got fifteen brands of milk of magnesia and only two of them are well known or sell at all. Manufacturers advertise, tell customers to get 'hospital size' next time, or some other fantastic new package, they demand that, we stock—and get stuck—and so does the customer. Oh it's a hell of a life."

"Well," said I, "how about some argyrol. I want it strong. I'd better take 20 per cent hadn't I?" I looked over an array of bottles labeled 5, 10, 15, and 20 per cent argyrol.*

"Well, don't take that bottle then, that's 5 per cent, being you're a friend of mine. It's probably no good anyway, but if you must have it pay the 5 per cent price and go along with you. I'll be making 50 per cent then, though I do get three times that for the 5 per cent when it's labeled 20 per cent."

"You're nothing but a rotten old cheat."

"And you're a liar," he replied merrily. "Who is it sells you postage stamps, tells you how far Albany is, tells you the time, binds up your cut finger (if he can make forty cents using his own bandages and salve), calls you to the phone, gives you the use of a cigar lighter, recommends a plumber, serves you a free city directory, gets something out of your eye, treats the kid for colic, gets up at 2 A. M. to give you asthma powder? Cheat hell! I'm a public convenience, I tell you. I have a duty to the community. What do you expect? I have to make a living by business subtlety; it's commercial acumen or strategy with me. You're full of bunions. Ask me what's good for soandso. I'll tell you. I'll tell you the stuff I'm loaded down with, or the stuff I'll make the most money on, but I'll tell you, and it'll do you no harm. It'll do you no good either, though I don't know why you'd have the crust to expect that, but it'll do you no harm I'll guarantee. Well, I've got some salve here I bought to sell at seventy-five cents a pound; I must get it up in four-ounce jars to sell at fifty cents each and label them 'Dobson's Special Healing Ointment' or something. What's the use of selling it under the trade name for seventy-five cents and letting everybody know it's Unguentine? So long." And he darted behind his holy of holies.

Being congenitally of a nasty, malicious, investigational turn of mind, I determined to ascertain whether there was truth in what he said. Of course, I knew his minor tricks were stated correctly, for I knew him very well. But what of really serious matters?

It just happened that my first introduction to a pharmacist's laboratory came after I had had experience in a chemical laboratory at analysis and research. My introduction to the factory production of pharmaceuticals came somewhat later still. I remember that I was in both cases simply astounded at the casual indifference of those in the pharmaceutical game to facts we chemists viewed as of the greatest importance. We were painfully accurate, scrupulously exact, almost neurotically clean, and fanatically determined to avoid all impurities. The druggist was careless in his measurements and his equipment and utensils were far from scrupulously clean; in the factory the same thing held on a larger scale. The contrast was more striking when I remembered that they were dealing with human life while I dealt with inanimate things and worked in a sphere remote

* The results of scientific inquiry on antiseptics are curious. On September 8, 1928 (page 704), The Journal of the American Medical Association finds mecurochrome wanting; in volume 87, page 1350, it finds no merit in iodine; on July 4, 1925, it patriotically disposes of Listerine. The Medical Journal and Record of November 17, 1926, page 642, finds iodine, mercurochrome, picric acid, methylene blue and potassium permangenate all wanting as antiseptics and denounces the color fad in such preparations. The American Journal of Pharmacy, January, 1929, page 52, declares that most proprietary antiseptics in drug stores fail to pass the requirements of the Food, Drug and Insecticide Administration when tested, and that zinc oxide, compound resorcinol, zinc paste, witch hazel, boric acid, tar, aqueous mercurochrome and Dobell's solution are not antiseptic though iodine, calomel, germicidal soap, bay rum, turpentine, camphor, hydrogen peroxide, silver nitrate, argyrol, zonite, collodion and a mixture of acetone, alcohol and water—with or without the addition of mercurochrome (sic)—got a clean bill of health in the strengths ordinarily used.

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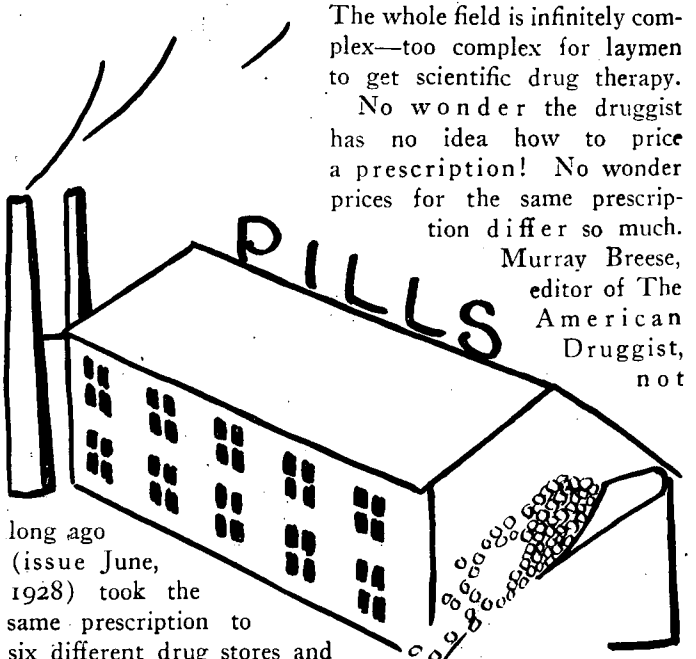
from human activities. However, that was a mere casual impression. I wanted something more universalized than that chance observation. What problems confront the druggist and how does he go about solving them?

Suppose we take, for example, a simple thing like colds—and what they may turn out to be. In late 1928 and early 1929 there was a minor epidemic of influenza. Immediately a large number of common proprietary remedies began to recommend themselves in the lay press as good to prevent influenza, and also as beneficial in colds, croup, bronchitis, and pneumonia. At once the U. S. Food and Drug Administration started after these proprietaries, from which, of course, the druggist was extracting a handsome revenue and made all the drug manufacturers helplessly angry by insisting that there was no drug-cure for pneumonia, croup, bronchitis, or influenza, and that they must even be rather careful how they recommended remedies for common cold, for common cold is as yet very poorly understood.

In The New Republic of January 30, 1929, Morris Fishbein, editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, was telling the truth—that simple home remedies were the only sensible things for colds and their more dangerous sequels—hot water bags, warm drinks, lying in bed and enough food to support the patient's strength. January 10, 1929, at a Washington conference of state and municipal health officers, nine points of advice for avoiding colds and influenza were formulated and, not only did drugs go unmentioned, but laymen were specifically warned to beware of so-called preventives, and of the drugs, vaccines and sera advertised to remedy colds. This leaves the druggist high and dry, then. "Modern medical opinion" says there is no drug remedy for influenza and he must be good.

HOWEVER, what can you expect of him when he turns to The Journal of the American Medical Association for January 19, 1929, and finds advertised there at least a dozen "ethical" remedies which, while not ordinarily recommended for use in colds, influenza, bronchitis and pneumonia, are now offered to the doctor as having special value in such conditions? What are you to expect of him, as he faces the dicta of the Food and Drug Administration, when every hour brings some prescription from an orthodox practitioner to remedy cold, influenza, or pneumonia,—brings him, say, a prescription for salicon, or gelsenium, or bryonia, or caffeine, or acephenetedetin, or some new coal-tar derivative from Austria—or even good old Dover's powder? How upright and therapeutically ethical can we expect the druggist to be when science says there is no remedy, and yet "modern medical opinion" as represented by the physicians he serves, prescribes digitalis, belladonna, aconite, codeine, various alkaline saline mixtures, and heaven knows what else, to relieve his patients of diseases which cannot be cured by drugs?

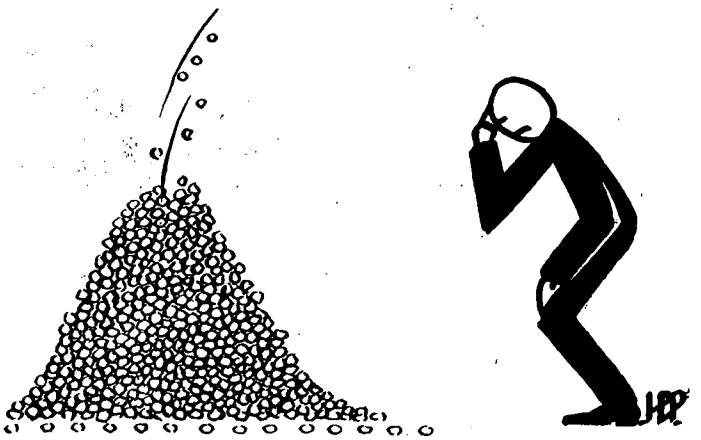
The physician himself faces an ever increasing army of "ethical" proprietaries with high sounding names, difficult to remember, and containing drug combinations about which he can really know little. What is "Thiogen?" he asks. It must generate sulfur; it is a combination of several subsulfates—well, well. A blotter says a glycerol tonic with a fancy name is just the thing; he prescribes it and tries it out. "Cheracol" proves to be an alcoholic extract of wild cherry containing also eight other ingredients; it looks good from the formula; he gives it a try. How do the following differ, he wonders: digitalis leaves, digifolin, digitalone, digalen, digilusin, digitol? He doesn't know in such cases; so he prescribes the stuff with the name he remembers most easily and mystifies the druggist with slight differences in trade names. The whole field is infinitely complex—too complex for laymen to get scientific drug therapy.



No wonder the druggist has no idea how to price a prescription! No wonder prices for the same prescription differ so much. Murray Breese, editor of The American Druggist, not long ago (issue June, 1928) took the same prescription to six different drug stores and got six different prices. The prescription was for powders to contain extract of belladonna, magnesium ustra, sodium bicarbonate and common sugar. The price for this same prescription at six stores in the same suburb of New York City follows—$1.15, .90, .90, .75, .60, and .15. Somebody lost or made a great deal surely. Breese well asks "Is Prescription Pricing a Matter of Guesswork?" He figured that the actual price should have been 70 cents to the customer, indicating considerable inability on the part of pharmacists to know their business economically.

Another interesting point is this. The total weight of the twelve powders in each prescription should have been 963 grains, or 80.25 grains per powder. How closely did the pharmacists approximate that? The totals were, in the same order as the prices, 1022, 935, 952, 974, 982 and 985 grains, making the average for individual powders as follows: 85.16, 77.92, 79.35, 81.17, 81.83, and 82.10 grains, respectively,—not bad at all. Individual powders, however, instead of the required 80.25 grains, sometimes weighed as follows: 97, 64, 66, 70, 93, 68, 89, 91, 71, 54, 102, 67, 96, 98, and 100 grains—in fact, individual powders were frequently badly off in weight.

This brings us to a final and, (*Continued on page* 550)



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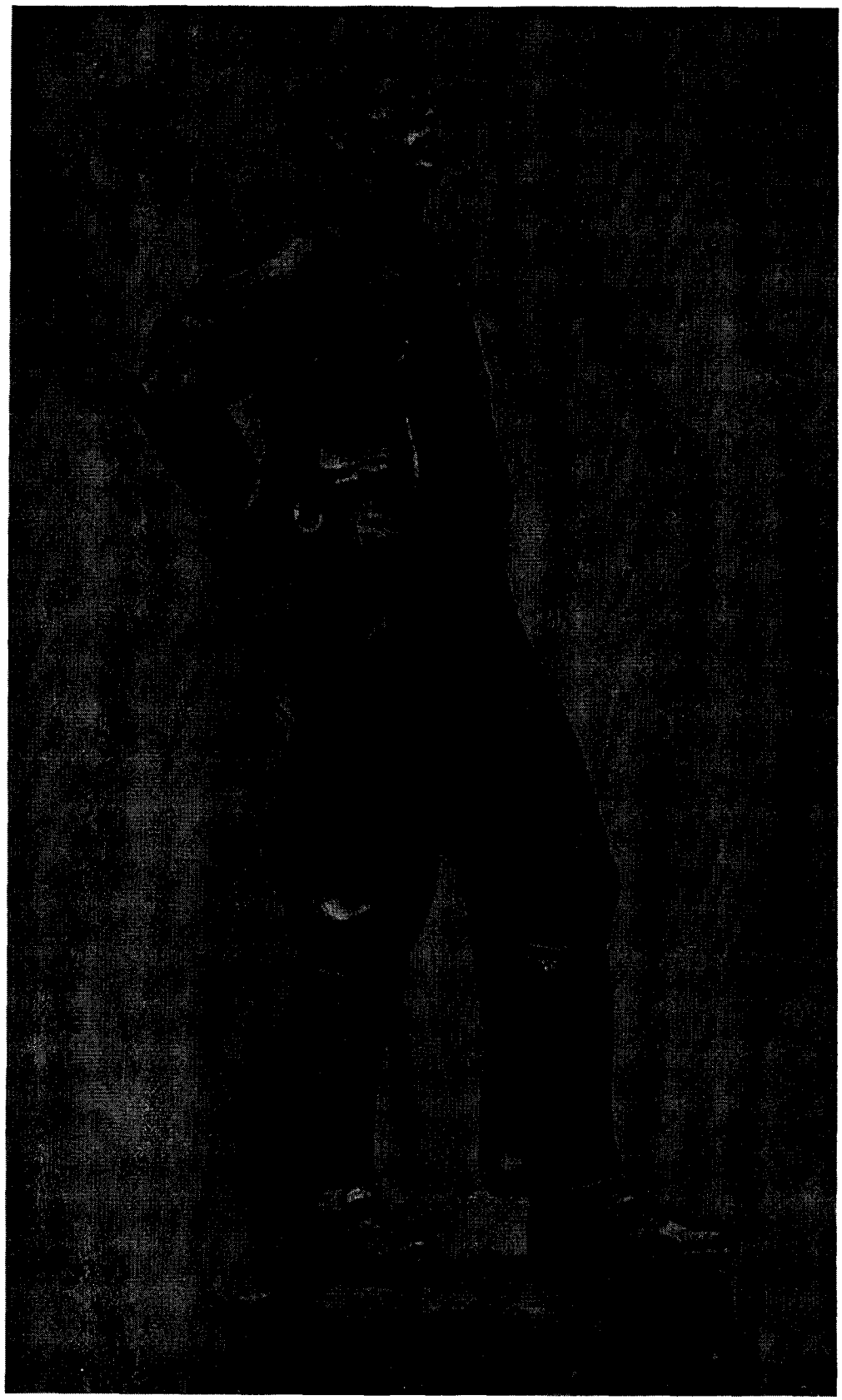

THE LINEMAN

One of a group of American labor subjects by Max Kalish

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The Snow Bird

By H. R. LUCK

HS Boomer Steve walked sharply away from the office of the Telephone Company, it was with a distinct feeling of relief. He turned his back on the imposing pile of the building, leaving its almost harsh outlines in the process of being softened by the first snow of the winter. As he paused at a corner to allow a truck to smash through the already fast accumulating slush, he became more conscious of the relief he felt. That night, or the next day at the latest, would see him barricaded in some box-car on the first lap of the long journey south to Flower's Camp. It was time they were going, he and Whitie Charlie. The camp had been organized and was again in full swing in milder Texas; a letter from Blackie Hughes, already a month unanswered, had told him that. Yet he and Whitie Charlie had delayed their departure again and again.

The next time he stayed in the North long enough to see snow fly, he assured himself, it would be for more pertinent reasons than those offered by Whitie Charlie. First Charlie had been somwhat ill, and had hesitated at the rigors of a thousand-mile ride on freight trains; Steve remembered he had insisted they pay their fare, but still Charlie had demurred. The money due Steve from the Telephone Company must be collected, Charlie had insisted, though Steve had said it could be mailed. And so one trivial happening after another had delayed them. In reality Steve knew what had been detaining Charlie, and he also knew that Charlie was aware of his knowledge, though they had never discussed the delay in that light. Charlie was interested in a woman. But now Steve had his money, Charlie's health seemed never better; other details must be brushed away. They were going south.

Flower's Camp was such a place as any man would be proud to be welcomed at, and Steve, as he knew, would be more than welcomed there; Blackie Hughes had insisted, in his characteristic sprawl and poor spelling, that Flower himself had saved a place for Steve. During the winter months, Flower's Camp was the Mecca of all itinerate linemen who were boomers, or snow birds, as the natives called them, because of their habit of arriving with the birds who desert the North during its rigorous winter.

But Whitie Charlie had delayed him. Whitie was a grunt, a groundman, a common laborer in the telephone world, a man now in his thirties, as was Steve. Whitie lacked the prowess for the free heights of a sixty-foot pole, and had remained safely on the ground. Yet Steve tolerated him. Isolated as he had been from intimate human companionship by his itinerant habits, Steve had almost gladly accepted the homage of Charlie. For the last three years they had made their pilgrimages north and south, experiencing together the hardships and dangers of stolen rides, suspicious policemen and chance work. As Steve neared the hotel he determined that they would start immediately. Three years of companionship were as nothing if the companion prevented him from following his immediate inclinations.

Dugan's Hotel was a bare barn of a building, its straight, unsightly clapboard wall reared coldly from the very edge of the sidewalk, and harbored the traveler at 25, 50 and 75 cents a night—cold, inhospitable, cheerless, it offered its strictly pay-in-advance shelter to fly-by-nights, incompetents and hiding criminals.

The lobby, opening directly from the front door, was even barer than the exterior of the building, if that were possible. The furniture consisted of two kitchen tables, many chairs and a large stove, the latter conveniently furnished with a surrounding sand-box that was rarely cleansed of its accumulation of tobacco juice.

As Steve strode in, two men were sitting before the stove, Whitie Charlie and a stranger with one bad eye. Whitie Charlie stood up to greet Steve; a small man, with hair an indeterminate color, eyes small and watery. Steve came directly to his point.

The Grunt and His Girl

"THERE it is, snowing like hell, and we ought t'ave been in Flower's Camp. But no, you gotta—" Steve waved his hands in disgust and concluded with a weak "aw hell" of despair.

"See how good a lineman you are and chase yourself up a pole." Charlie, apparently, was in an equal ill-humor.

"But I told you two weeks ago it was going to snow."

"Sure enough! You're a wise weather man, you are: give yourself plenty of time."

"Well, it ain't snowing in Texas, and there's where we ought to be."

"Well, why didn't you go alone?"

"Why didn't I, huh?" Steve stood before the smaller man. "Why didn't I? 'Cause I knew she'd throw you over as soon as she found some guy with more cash and better clothes. A grunt like you've got little chance with a woman. Besides, she's no good."

"She is too! She's a decent girl."

"Makes no difference. Decent or not, as long as you're a groundman and have to dig pole-holes for a livin' you've got no chance with the women. Besides, they only cost money and you ain't got that!"

"Sure they cost money. Everything costs money."

"But what do you get?"

"You get a home usually."

"Home! You wouldn't know what to do with a home if you had it. Where'd you put it? In your hip pocket?"

"I ain't never had no home, and some day when I find the right woman I'm going to marry and settle down and have a home."

Steve paced up and down several times. He finally paused beside the big glowing stove and warmed himself into complacency.

"I guess there's lots of things we want, Whitie, that we can't get. You want a home: I don't; I want to go south where it ain't so damned cold. It'll soon be cold enough

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here to freeze glass insulators off ten-pin cross-arms."

Charlie nodded and walked to the window. "I guess we'd better be figuring on going pretty soon, don't you think so?" said Charlie in a tentative move toward reconciliation.

"Yes, I guess so."

"It sure is fine of you to wait for me, Steve. But I think you're wrong."

"Oh, that's all right. Next time I won't wait, and then maybe you'll have better luck."

The stranger between them looked up from his moody contemplation of the burnt tobacco streaks on the stove. "That's right, fly away south, you snow birds," he said.

Before Charlie could reply, Steve turned belligerantly to the stranger, assuming unconsciously his prerogative as spokesman.

"Huh?" Steve inquired.

"I said beat it on south before it gets so cold it hurts little pink ears."

"What's that to you?"

"Nothin'. Only I'm no damn snow bird."

"Who asked you what you are?"

"Nobody. But I ain't."

"Well, beat it then."

"Beat it!" The stranger sat up suddenly. "You're the guys that had better beat it. You're here bellyachin' about the cold and the snow. Why don't you go south and stay there?"

"We can if we want to."

"Sure you can. That's just the trouble. We citizens stay up here in the hell of a northern winter and work and keep things going. Then when everything's nice and warm and we deserve a little soft work you snow birds come back from the south and get all the good jobs."

"Say, mister, you seem to be damned interested in our affairs."

"Maybe I am."

"It's none of your damned business then."

"None of my business! Whose business is it then? If I had my way I'd have all you guys pinched and put in jail for life."

"Yea?"

"Say, you big stiff, we're as good Americans as you are," interrupted Charlie.

"Keep out of this, Whitie."

"Well, we are."

"Like hell you are!" The stranger had arisen from his chair and was waving his arms threateningly. "If you was, you'd stay in one place like a good citizen."

Spending—The Modern Economics

CHARLIE detached his arm from Steve's restraining grasp and waved his clinched fist under the man's nose. "I'll bet I'm a damned sight better'n you are. What trade do you know? Huh? I'll bet you shovel snow all winter and cut grass in the summer. You're the kind that's always crabbin' about someone gettin' your job. You ain't got no job, you snow heaver."

"What if I do? I can knock your block off if you think you are better than I am."

"No you can't." Steve interrupted and placed his larger bulk between the two belligerents. "You go up to our room and get my tools, Whitie. I'll square up for the room." He turned to the stranger. "Sit down and stay down. You've said enough. We may be snow birds; that's all right. But we do work for a living and earn our money honestly. Where we earn it is our business. If we do come north in the summer we spend more in two months than you make in a year. What you spend is what counts, anyway. Now sit down and stay put."

The stranger dropped back into his chair, cleared his mouth of an extra large amount of tobacco juice, and fired his parting shot. "Go to hell."

The Philosophy of Pacifism

THE snow was falling faster when they left the hotel, and each moist flake was augmented by the weight of a penetrating breeze from the lake. Steve slung his bundle of clanking lineman's tools from one shoulder by the strap of his safety belt, and the two pulled their soft black felt hats tightly down and plunged into the wind. Talking was somewhat difficult, but Charlie was still irritated by their interruption in the hotel.

"Why the devil didn't you let me bust that guy, Steve?" he inquired, as they turned from the hotel.

"Because I want to go south. You get into a fight around this burg and you'll sure get pinched."

"Sure, Steve; but if I got pinched you could have gone on anyway."

"Maybe so; like as not they'd a pinched me. Anyway, I've waited around long enough for you, to have to wait some more. Shut up and let's get out where there's a train."

They passed quickly through the business streets, the buildings now dark; through a region of humming, highly illuminated factories and out to the raw unhealed edges of the city, to a place of gas tanks, warehouses and a man-made desert of bizarre heaps of discarded building materials, rubbish and junk. Skirting one side of this area was the railroad yard, a forbidding place of somber box-cars, blinking red and green semaphore lights and the long thin lines of the rails—rails that somehow through the maze of switches led south.

They paused at the edge of the yard to watch a swift-moving, warmly lighted passenger train thread its way unerringly through the maze, the white plume of the exhaust from the stack alternately glowing red and white over the engine cab as the fireman steadily heaved coal into the machine.

"That's where we ought to be—on that train," Whitie Charlie commented, almost wistfully.

Steve did not reply but led the way up the tracks, skirting behind the silent box-cars. To Steve the picture had flashed other impressions, emotions and faint remembrances of experiences that would have been totally beyond his ability to explain. Somehow, though, through his incoherent thoughts came the assurance that he was glad to be skulking through the yards looking for an empty box-car that might carry him south, rather than in the comfortable security of a chair-car.

He could no more express his joy in his own position than a Kentucky pioneer could have rationally explained why he moved further west when he saw smoke of new neighbors, five miles away; for as the Indian fighters were pioneers, so was Steve, delighting in his life of trial and hardship.

Boomer Steve, the Snow Bird, was of a type that few people see actively competing for a livelihood, because their

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work is never calm. When ditches are dug, houses built, bricks laid—all the ordinary routine of a city that brings laborers before the eyes of the passersby is carried on, you never find a snow bird. But at night, in a rain-soaked freight-yard, making order out of the confusion of gondolas and flats and boxes, you find him; when the steel is high on the skyscraper, you find him; where electric currents are deadly and poles flimsy, you find him: if there is anything prosaic to our modern world, you find the snow bird where the inspiration would be greatest. Such men are the pioneers of modern industrialism, taking a chance, living hard and fast lives. They are never young and never old—some sort of selection seems to bring them from unknown haunts to their hazardous occupations.

The Snow Bird Who Looked Like a Hawk

BOOMER Steve might have been called the epitome of his kind. His were hawk-like features, sharp now as he slipped past the low flares of the switch lights, yet withal the countenance had nothing objectively cruel in it—only an expression of vigilance. His face was one of contrasts: high cheek-bones, deep sunken hollows below them, eyes well protected by bony brows that were the abrupt ending of a straight, high, narrow forehead, furrowed by an intricate network of wrinkles. The eyes were gray to blue, with a glance that was tolerant, insolent, quizzical and impenetrable all in one. Breasting high the deep furrows of the face and descending to the lip in long, thin, aristocratic curves was a nose that at once placed him as a man apart, favored, or cursed, by individuality and ability. The mouth was generous in its proportions, but the rather full lips were pressed in a tight line, bolstered by a chin at once square and graceful. A deep cleft in his chin was, strictly speaking, the only adorning feature.

Boomer Steve relished the pioneer life, though rather inarticulately, and had imagination enough, appreciation enough to condemn and dismiss any unconscious move that would have changed his manner of existence. For him the raw edges of the city, its freight-yards, smoke, whistles, spider-legs of steel and bristling hairs of poles, made a world that gave work savored with an indispensable condiment for such a man as he: the excitement and suspense of a hazardous existence, with annihilation more certain at his shoulder than the Indian was for his forefathers. A product of the twentieth century and as yet a man unheralded among men.

Steve and Charlie turned quickly past the end of a box-car with an objective of caboose lights not far ahead, and stepped into the sudden light of a pocket lamp.

"You boys thinking of taking a ride south?" came a voice from behind the light.

"Nope, officer," replied Steve, indifferently, swinging his tools around for display, "just coming back from a late job. Say, do you know where we could get something to eat around here?"

"Oh, working, eh? Come over here by the shop; there's a small coffee joint there." Obligingly he led the way, pointing out bad spots in the walk with his light. At the door of the coffee house he turned with his question, his little round face trying very hard to be naive.

"Where you going from here?"

"To our hotel on — street," said Steve, shoving Whitie safely ahead into the building. "Which way is that?"

"Oh, you have to cross the yards again then. That freight won't leave for an hour or so, and your nearest way is right through the middle. Hop under her, there won't be any guards up there." He stepped back into the shadow.

Inside, Steve and Charlie ordered their second meal of the evening. The fat young man who served them was more than obliging with his information. "Going to — street, eh? Long way to go; cut through the middle of that freight there, that's the nearest way." He leered at them over their mugs of coffee.

"Where's that train going?" inquired Steve.

"That's the weekly fruit return to New Orleans. That's why you bumped into the guard. All the snow birds like to ride it, cause the refrigerator cars is warm, and there ain't no stops to speak of." His grimace turned to seriousness. "Say, how'd you guys like to have a couple of box lunches? You might get called out again tonight after everything was closed up."

"That's a fine idea. But you'd better give us four—we might meet some friends," replied Steve, his face expressionless, and his tones even. Charlie choked on his coffee.

"Say, Steve," whispered Charlie, as they returned again to the gloom and snow of the yards, "that guy knew we was going to try and make the freight. Here, where you going? Didn't they say we could get through the middle?"

"They sure did, you runt; but what they meant was you could get right through into the bull-pen and then stay up here thirty more days. That's just a trick, and that coffee joint man was in with the cops. We'll fool them."

Boldly they walked to the end of the train, around the caboose, and to the first refrigerator car beyond. At the forward ladder, Steve paused, motioned Charlie to climb to the top, and then quickly followed. On top they lay flat by the door to the icing chamber while Steve pushed the ring-bolt out of place with his foot.

"Now they can't lock us in. Hop down in, Charlie." In a moment a couple of slats had been kicked loose, and they were sitting in the straw on the floor of the car. It was surprisingly warm.

"How'd you know the shack wasn't up in the cupola of that caboose, Steve?" inquired Charlie.

"I saw him back in the kitchen talking to that guy that sold us the lunches. He went up to the middle to catch us and take the lunches. I guess . . . ." The remainder of his speech was lost in the rattle and clang of the couplers of their car as the train started slowly on its journey to the South.

Behind a High-Board Fence

CLEBURN is the zero station in Texas for the free traveling journeyman. The railroad yards are enclosed by a high-board fence crowned with barbed wire. The single main line freight track enters and leaves through gates guarded by railroad officers who arrest all but those who have legitimate business in the yard. Because Cleburn is a division point, all trains stop there. The luckless hobo who takes the Cleburn freight branch south from Fort Worth is usually arrested, because no train that enters Cleburn leaves without a thorough search. Tales of escape from the yards are few and harrowing.

Day was about an hour advanced when Steve cautiously pulled open the door of their box-car and the two dropped to the cinders of the roadbed. (*Continued on page* 541)

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MAHATMA GANDHI WRITING — *Watercolor by Frieda Hansworth Das*

THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS

The Uncoordinating Legs

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ANY time a horse makes up his mind definitely that he will not take orders or comply with the wishes of any sort of driver, it is the finish, so far as further usefulness to his owner is concerned. He may be kept on for breeding purposes—which introduces another factor extraneous to this discussion—or on a ranch or in a circus as an instrumentality for testing the sticking-on ability of riders; but for ordinary purposes he is useless. He isn't hitched into the wagon any more.

"Why do you whip your horse always on one side?" a teamster was asked.

"Well, I've noticed that if you can get that side going, the other side generally trots along with it."

Haec fabula docet, as the Romans used to say—you see, these general principles are not of modern invention—that for purposes of accomplishment, or resistance for that matter, if the driver, or the horse himself, can get all four legs to coordinate to a common purpose, the job is done. The difficulty about all sorts of endeavor is in getting unity of purpose in the first place, and then in putting behind it the coordinated effort of all the agencies. Lack of that unity, a mind handicapped by uncertainty as to what it really wants, is the cause of most of the "pulled punches." Just now we are seeing that fundamental truth illustrated in nearly all of the things outstanding in the wide world's daily news. Humanity, jointly and severally in its groups, to say nothing of its individuals, hasn't yet made up its mind what it wants; doesn't really believe in its avowed creeds. In this fact roots the power of small, aggressive minorities to lead large, divided majorities round by the nose. This is the principal stock-in-trade of despotism.

"In old Austria," says President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia in The Making of a State, his own account of the freeing of that new-old nation, "we left to our masters the conduct of the state, while we quarreled merrily among ourselves."

Just now we have seen it beautifully illustrated in India, where Great Britain with a mere handful of her own troops and a slender organization of British civil officials continues to rule over a continent of nearly 2,000,000 square miles and a population of approximately 320,000,000 souls. It is of the essence of the situation that the British army in India is made up largely of native soldiers, people of India assisting in their own subjugation. If the people of India in any preponderance knew what they wanted, no external power on earth could prevent their having it. They would not have to take it by force; they would not need to repeat—God forbid!—the horrors of Cawnpore and Lucknow; it would be automatic. British power in India would be swept out overnight like straw before a

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hurricane. The same would be true of any great population ruled *against the common will.*

The Indian Nationalist Congress meeting December 31—January 2, at Lahore, anticipated with foreboding, as related in these pages almost a year ago (March, 1929), declared for complete independence of British rule, rejecting the formula of "dominion status" which Lord Irwin, viceroy of India, recently declared to be the continuing intention of the British government. But in that very action and its aftermath the Congress displayed its own hopelessly divided condition. Its more aggressive elements have split off into an irreconcilable minority, intent upon winning that independence by force; repudiating Mr. Gandhi's council to obtain it by a policy of civil disobedience, abstinence from participation in government, refusal to pay taxes or to purchase British-made goods, passive resistance. Almost certainly there will begin now a period of sporadic violence, typified by the recent attempt to blow up the viceroy's train.

This would be futility enough, even if the Nationalist cause had really, regardless of means, the support of the great mass of the people of India. But the fact is that the deepest disharmony in India is within the mass of the population. It begins with the more or less incurable division among the castes; it spreads to the racial disparities; is further complicated by the jealousies between native rulers and native states. But deepest of all perhaps is the religious division, between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. The black of one, so to speak, is the white of the other. And even the Mohammedans are divided among themselves.

Let us recall the major aims in the Ghandhi platform:

To restore hand-weaving in competition with machine-made goods.

To accomplish prohibition of both alcohol and opium.

To free women and place them on an equality with men.

To abolish "untouchability"—the social caste-curse upon the pariah.

To accomplish the unification of the people of India.

An ambitious program, albeit a reasonable one on its general merits. Only a few understand the abstraction underlying the appeal to the household loom—machine-made textiles are cheap. The use of opium is endemic in India; it is quite on a par with the use of alcohol in western countries. Equality for women flies in the face of ancient and almost universal prejudice and tradition, even among the women themselves. And as for unity, it is shattered by all the forces of social and religious life. Ireland within itself at its most cantankerous was an irenic oasis as compared with India.

Ten thousand Sikhs, on foot and mounted on elephants and on horseback, marched into Lahore, an army with banners, clanking bared swords on scabbards. A thrilling spectacle. On the surface, it seemed an ominous, menacing addition to the Nationalist Congress; but was it? Anything but—they came with demands of their own, contemptuous of the congress and especially of Gandhi's program of non-resistance. As part of a unified Indian movement, they would have represented something tremendous; actually, they were a new factor of discord and confusion. And at the very same moment, the National Liberal Federation meeting in Madras was hearing with equanimity from its presiding officer that Indian Liberals stood for "dominion status" and would not support the Ghandi policy of non-participation.

Meanwhile, Great Britain herself has no unity of purpose toward India. Lord Irwin's declaration may have meant something to him and been sincere enough so far as he is concerned; but the debates in the British Parliament show clearly that it represented no determination to grant any real autonomy to India. The central complication lies in the fact that India represents something like one-eighth of the British export trade. An Indian boycott on British textiles, such as Ghandi favors, would be a disaster in Great Britain, already struggling with unemployment and sluggish export business.

So there you are. Inconceivably intricate division among the people of India as to what they want and how they shall proceed to get it, and only less confusion among the British as to what, if anything, to give or relinquish, leaves the only assurance the promise of continuing Trouble, with a capital T.

IN Palestine, at the core of the difficulty with and between Arabs and Jews lies the fact that representatives of Great Britain, each speaking with authority yet representing no deliberate purpose of the British people, made contradictory promises; one that of the Balfour Declaration, upon which the Jews pin their hopes; the other the war-time promise to the Arabs, given to buy their activities against Turkey, of a domain which they understood to include Palestine. There seems no way to compose those incompatible commitments. It is only another instance in the long history of perfidy and blundering in "civilized" dealings with and exploitation of exotic peoples, of inconsistent pledges given for unrelated purposes by uncoordinated persons and contributing in the outcome to the impression that the white man cannot be trusted. Nor is it for us to point any finger of scorn—our own dealings with our own Indians always have been characterized by fine words promised to the ear and broken to the hope; uttered without purpose of fulfilment or by well-intending persons devoid of power to fulfill.

LOOK at China, where an immensely, ominously powerful organism cannot get its legs to coordinate for any purpose, in any direction, for any considerable length of time. Hardly is something visible in the way of unity before one leg starts off by itself in conflict with the others; often all the legs march in different directions. In times not so long past, that offered opportunity for the outsiders to cut in and help themselves. It is their doing so that has created the one thing upon which all China can unite; namely, hatred of the foreigner in his aspect as an intruder, as meddler in Chinese affairs, as superior to Chinese law and custom. "China will act as one." a Chinese said to me in Geneva two or three years ago, "as long as one foreign foot is on her neck."

It is that which inspires the Chinese declaration that extra-territoriality, the immunity of foreigners from the jurisdiction of Chinese courts and legal process, must forthwith end. And it is symptom of another thing, which is that "civilization" no longer coordinates in the single motive of exploitation. As long as they could agree and cooperate in the carving-up of helpless peoples, and assisted each other more or less in the process, they did it. Now mutual jealousy, and a certain amount of competition for the good will of the Chinese have paralyzed all that sort of thing; they stand more or less helpless before the Chinese determination to own herself.

THE Naval Disarmament Conference is getting under way as these words go to press. There is naturally much pessimism as to the outcome, which no one can foresee. But here is one of the finest possible examples of "un-coordination." Consider our own posture. With great blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals we have announced to the world our abandonment of war as an instrument of national policy; yet forthwith we proceed to discuss what we shall do in terms of war, of neutrality, of "freedom of the seas." We proceed to dispute about ratios of warships which we declare we shall not use in any circumstances, with other nations which have made the same avowal. The reason is that there is defective coordination between our aspirations and our legs, and among the legs themselves. We look in one direction, and march in another. The State Department, actuated by pacific emotions, puts forth its Pact of Paris; the War and Navy Departments, with fine scorn of "all that bunk," continue to plan and proceed as if there were no Pact of Paris. One president of the United States, by the name of Coolidge, makes one (*Continued on page* 560)

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THE TABLOIDS

One of the striking illustrations from Contempo: This American Tempo, by John Vassos, in which skyscrapers, prohibition, advertising, radio, psychologia—a score of the most clamant aspects of our life today are set forth in full-page pictures done into a handsome book by E. P. Dutton and Company; $5.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Review of an Unnamed Book

SEX is creation: love and love-conflict have therefore been the principal inspiration of the great arts. Now, being persuaded that we confront new and dangerous problems of sex, we moderns have granted ourselves a new charter of frankness. We feel that the free and ample discussion of these new problems (though they be only the old one tortured into alarming complexity by science, psychology, and economics) may discover steps toward solutions or reconcile us to enduring the mystery or at minimum free our bosoms of the perilous stuff that breeds disaster. But we have granted no charter to author and publisher to pander to our taste for smut to make money. They take advantage of the new freedom (as the licentious or commercial-minded always do of any liberty) to make vile profits out of the ignorant or foolish.

To my desk come a succession of books, mostly novels, decked and dressed with tinsel pornography, asking recommendation to the public. These books are bad art, bad science, and bad morals, stupid for healthy people with their limping and timid lewdness, evil and corrupting for the half-baked and ill-anchored. I do not play the pimp for this trade. But to review an arch-type with no name will give us a useful catalog of their marks that will afford a quick and economical method of avoidance, whether they come as obvious pandering or under false pretenses of studying problems or defending liberty. This review, I forewarn the reader, is not an oblique device to arouse sex interest or the springboard for acrobatic cleverness. It is clinical.

The cover is a warning, the title a solicitation and the publisher's blurb a leer. All are false: they promise a badness that can never be redeemed within the law. "Broadway," "virgin," and "woman" have recently been in fashion for titles. It is noteworthy that one important newspaper deleted a title from a publisher's advertisement last fall. This censorship, with immemorial stupidity, fell upon an author and publisher who are not sinners; but it was refreshing to find that some standards exist.

Chapter I is by design a sex scene, made sensational by nudity, a drunken orgy, or a compromising situation. The so-called party is used as a cover for staging things that could not be endured as personal relations. The nudity motif reappears over and over, with much by-play on clothes or their lack and innuendoes respecting flesh. There is a keen recognition of fetichism and the importance of secondary sex characters. We get the appearance of naturalness without the reality that is its own medicine. The true dignity and beauty of the body are never revealed.

Now the needed stage-setting is contrived. False attractions are lent vice for starved imaginations by decking it out with the glamor of strange places, the trappings of luxury, and the accessories of a supposedly rich and colorful existence. Note how the Riviera, Palm Beach or Hollywood, the private yacht or Bohemian coterie, lavish wealth, gambling and drinks are brought in to serve the day-dreams of readers who seek escape from dull work and duller loves. These authors are graduate interior decorators: so sex freedom and fullness of experience become somehow intermixed with these other romantic and colorful mirages. All desires are confused in a sensuous swirl. But the truth that a drunken man or loose woman is not metamorphosed because they sleep under silk and down or have flunkeys to help at their enervation is not recorded. Many a pretended tragedy of sex or marriage is in fact only a case study of the disintegrating effects of idleness, luxury, and parasitism. But who is to tell the little clerk or stenographer that?

Next we must have the posing of a pseudo-problem the discussion of which demands great frankness and the exploration of realms not generally advertised. This fabrication of a grave moral problem and pretended high social purpose is an outworn trick of all school for scandal literature. The yellow editors long ago discovered that the wages of sin is death, so they gave us full-length pictures of the sin and justified themselves by a footnote on the wages. Here is the truth to make us free . . . and it is only a cunningly contrived lie. The younger generation has been used as the whipping-post for reams of lewdness—to the great detriment of the younger generation. Doubtless there are certain noxious levels, cliques, places, or modes of life we should be informed on, for prophylaxis, however disagreeable. The novel is one way of making such phenomena real to us. But these books avoid concern with unpleasantness. They gild the jimson-weed. Sometimes they overshoot (from bad taste) and prove something: one exhibit on drunkenness last year was a bitter temperance tract. But generally they cannot state a problem, much less solve one, nor are they meant to. Who will pay for problems?

WITH this fake purpose established, we are licensed to abolish all rules on the discussable subjects for general publication. The author thinks: "What private event can I describe next and get by the censor?" The limit at the moment is the novel that presented the high-lights of a miscarriage. Sincerity and reverence could embody high tragedy or rare enlightenment in such themes; literature still awaits the honest and noble picture of childbirth. But these authors do not seek to instruct or chasten, but to shock or challenge. Publicity for the natural functions is high jinks. This adolescent literature is full of the queer preoccupations of the small boy. The beauty of dirt is enjoyed. It is, doubtless, good for humility and even health to recall our origins in the dust and kinship to the animals; we may need moments of jovial revolt against both conventions and sanitary laws. But by and large you cannot put physiology into a novel and have either a good novel or good physiology. We had best leave this to science in the proper places.

The modern recognition of perversions as matters-of-fact has been seized for exploitation. Such aberrances are slyly hinted at to titillate our sophisticates; strange euphemisms are flung out as smoke-screens; ignoramuses smirk and caper in this saddest region in all life. The intuition of the supreme

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psychiatrist or the pity of a great tragic genius is needed to reveal whatever needs revealing about this terrible proof of the blind energy of creation. To gossip, to make a jest or even a scandal of this overwhelming proof of our precarious sanity is the depths of the obscene.

The light and cynical treatment of marriage is of course a twice-told tale. Cuckold is a very old word. But to record the possible permutations of eternal triangles, ephemeral quadrilaterals, and infinite polygons is first a bore and second a degradation. The perfection and defense of the marriage ideal is the supreme challenge to this as to all generations. To be intrigued by adultery means loose morals and a loose mind. Monogamy and fidelity may not bring us Heaven (though they do bring us what Heaven we get), but it is certain that promiscuity and infidelity are the pillars of private Hell.

Promiscuity must furnish the sub-structure of such books, whether as "free love" or chemical reaction. But this can be made exciting only by omission. Each so-called high moment has to be disguised as the rebirth of an immortal passion, unique and perfect. No analysis of the ennui of instability, disillusion, and repetition is granted us. The repercussions on the spirit are suppressed with a censorship more stringent than any vice society's. Among us certainly are the omnivorous and experimental. But they are not heroes, or even enviable because they have no standards and never grow. They are ignorant, meandering and self-deceived persons whose adventures can interest no one unless the pathologist who can make some deduction from the numerical aggregates. Repetition is monotony by an arithmetical instead of a psychological name. Moreover, literature has invented characters for the theme in Casanova (of whom we have far too much of late) and Don Juan. Let us not spoil whatever value arch-types have by sponsoring imitators in dull-souled stock-brokers or movie queens.

THE use of symbolism and dreams and the fol-de-rol of psychoanalysis enables the more literate of such authors to put across matter for the clever and initiate that could not get by the censor in an open record. Here is added the zest of answering a conundrum or solving a puzzle for the literary snob who feels his vanity enlarged by his intimacy with the secret code. Equally this confuses any clear-cut beauty or sense, or comparison of experiences. If happily you do know esoterically what a sunflower or a breaking wave means, you remain (perhaps happily also) ignorant of the "meaning" of the volume, or are enfranchised to interpret the whole matter according to your own vagaries. The difficulty and obscurity of such hokum makes it innocuous for most readers. Nevertheless, literature loses by the prostitution of a method of inherent beauty and usefulness to false or futile ends.

The vocabulary is diddled out of all clarity or force to carry this load of symbolism and naughtiness. On the one hand is a thunder of plain-speaking; the blunt names for the blunt functions, the old English for illegitimate children, and for ladies of the ancient profession, the childish use of profanity to get the vaudeville laugh. On the other a tissue of symbolisms, preciosity, and inventions to refer to the unnatural, the subterranean, and the ultra-modern. We must learn an *argot* for our new sins. But who does? Nay, who cares to be more than muddled about such unpleasant people and events? Yet obfuscation, even if it preserves morals, is not the purpose of writing. True, all of us use words freer and blunter than once: we have attained the democracy of vulgarity. But let us recall that even the "lower classes" have their exquisite reticences and obey strict conventions as to what words may be used on what occasions in whose society.

The gravest crime of these books is that they detach what they picture from any true and deep meaning. The presentation of some of the facts might be justified by a stark picture of the consequences. But the social implications, the physical penalties, and the reactions on character or spirit are never put in the record. Economics and children rarely get their true weight in the scales. These would be serious, and seriousness must be avoided. The result is a puppet-show by cut-outs of two dimensions, lust and selfishness, staged in a Never-Never Land. The truth is, these authors are not discussing sex; they are with cold and brutal calculation presenting violations of the conventions and suggestive acts to shock the reader into a kind of amazed suspense and excitement. They play a kind of intellectual game as void of natural passion as it is ignorant of decency and the meaning of our hard-won conventions. They are never artists as Keats was in The Eve of St. Agnes; they are not even good animals. They are dung-beetles.

But if we pin this beetle that pretends to be a butterfly on the laboratory card, with his marks, surely we can avoid him in our walks across the green fields or under the stars.

LEON WHIPPLE

Meat for the Hungry

RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND. *Edited by Charles C. Cooper. Harpers. 227 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE Hungry Club of Pittsburgh is a club that lives and thrives without members, officers, dues, rules, or programs. It is just a group of people hungry for the views and knowledge and convictions of others; particularly of those who have won to positions of authority in thought. To this club come speakers of great note; often paying their own expenses for the privilege of addressing a group of minds they know to be hungry. Recently, the interest of the club has centered upon religion; and so, on successive occasions, leaders of thought in various fields bordering upon religion have told the club how religion looks from their points of view.

Harry Elmer Barnes told the club what religion looks like from the standpoint of agnosticism; and the prevailing colors are black and blue. But his point of view ought to be labelled not agnosticism but antagonism. How far he fails of seeing religion as it is today may be judged from his own statement: "The basic assumption of orthodox religion is . . . the supernatural world. . . . The chief of the good spirits among the Jews and Christians is held to be Yahweh of the Old Testament. . . . It is held that, in the great creative week between October 23 and October 28, 4008 B. C., Yahweh created the universe and all therein. . . ." Mr. Barnes really ought to go to church once in a while, somewhere. Heber D. Curtis, astronomer, tells how religion looks through the eyes of science. And the view is distinctly helpful and hopeful. Science voluntarily sheds much of her dogma, and stands convicted of faith in Energy and Probability; two pretty good names for Spirit and Experience. "All that science asks of religion is a fearless tolerance of the results of scientific research and an appreciation of its high and parallel aim."

Edward Scribner Ames tells how religion looks from the point of view of psychology. His chapter is an excellent condensation of his own book, Religion. Mont Robertson Gabbert sees religion with the eyes of philosophy; and—contrary to much philosophic language—his treatment is both happy and readable. He quotes widely, and his chapter is a running review, religiously interpreted, of present-day philosophic thought. John Lovejoy Elliott, leader of the Ethical Culture Society, gives the picture of religion as the Ethical Culture Movement sees it; and the ultra-humanists will derive great joy from his words. Yet any religion under the sun can well heed his demands for a higher ethical vision. Rabbi Samuel Harry Goldenson looks at religion with the eyes of Judaism; and an amazing proportion of what he sees will be familiar also to liberal Christians. And—lest we identify religion with Christianity—Francis John McConnell tells the club what religion looks like through Christianity's eyes.

There must be thousands of hungry minds all over the country who desire the ideas (*Continued on page* 551)

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Traveler's Notebook

One Way of Getting Over

IF you want to go abroad for a very special purpose—whether it be to write a magnum opus, to paint a masterpiece, to compose a symphony, to study or do research on any phase of, say, history, geography, mathematics, astronomy, languages, literature, economics, sociology, philosophy, physiology, psychology, physics, chemistry, archeology, religion, to mention but a handful of subjects—despatch your application to Henry Allen Moe, secretary of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation (551 Fifth Avenue, New York) circulars, catalogs and annual reports notwithstanding. For like many organizations, to judge the foundation by its printed matter is enough to make you thank the powers that be that you haven't a lurking genius which craves expression, and so are spared the ordeal of bucking rules and requirements. But to talk to its secretary is to come out at precisely the other end. He says that there are only two real questions about any applicant: Is he ("he" being used generically) a first-rater, is he proposing an important piece of work? Imagine being granted a fellowship for a year of $2,500 or more, and getting the money right off without any strings or obligations attached. And imagine, further, that if the—whatever it is—warrants another year or two, getting such extension! It seems a veritable El Dorado for the gifted.

The foundation was established in 1925 by former Senator and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim in memory of their son, for improving the quality of education, the practice of the arts and professions in the United States, fostering research and making for better international understanding.

Of the 230 recipients, perhaps those most familiar to Survey Graphic readers are Countee Cullen, one of the contributors to our Harlem number; Prof. Mollie Ray Carroll, whose article in our New Germany number was an advance instalment from her study, which has since been brought out as a book, Unemployment Insurance in Germany; and Felix Morley, who has succeeded Olive Whitin as Geneva representative of the League of Nations Association, she having resigned in favor of Major Gerald Abraham. The foundation points with pride to many achievements—principally Stephen Vincent Benét's poem, John Brown's Body, and Prof. A. H. Compton's work in physics, which won the Nobel prize in 1928.

More recently, Mr. and Mrs. Guggenheim have set up a million-dollar fund for exchange fellowships between the United States and Latin America in the interest of mutual understanding and friendship. Six awards have already been made to American professors; and the first of the Latin-American grants will go to Mexicans early in 1930. The Mexican committee of selections is headed up by Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, and has as its secretary Dr. Eyler N. Simpson, formerly of the University of Chicago and for several years engaged in research in Mexico as a member of the staff of the Institute of Current World Affairs.

Isles of Romance

ISLES OF ROMANCE, *by George Allan England. Century. 325 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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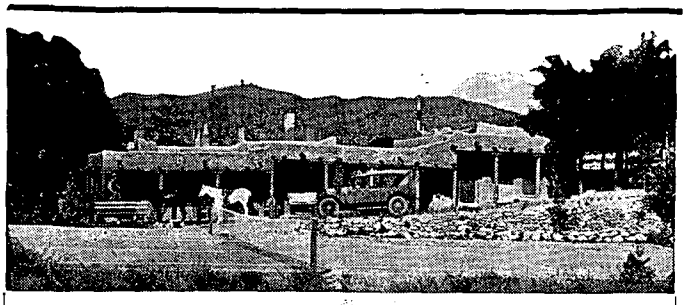

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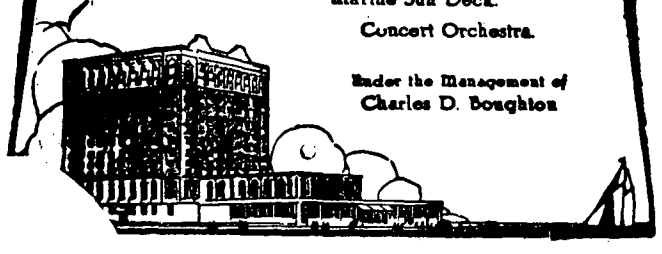

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ported to new lands, and life and ways for a bit? Until modern mechanization reaches that stage—and who in this twentieth century would pooh-pooh such a possibility?—would-be adventurers will find ample solace in following George Allan England through its Isles of Romance; full to overflowing of alluring places all around us.

First, there is the trip by speed boat to the Dry Tortugas, off the Gulf of Mexico. Those enchanting coral reefs, with all the calm and color of a Maxfield Parrish, are now totally deserted, with the exception of a lighthouse crew. But what a past, my countrymen! Suffice it to say that here stands Fort Jefferson, erected in pre-machinery days, with materials, every last piece of which had to be shipped from the North, the whole costing, at least so the story goes, at the rate of a dollar a brick, for somewhere between twenty-three to forty million bricks; with all its ghosts of cruel imprisonments and so forth; even an ingenious bit of hocus pocus which, if it had failed, would have completely affected the outcome of the Civil War.

Then you sail up toward the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and are greeted by Anticosti; but only because of Mr. England; otherwise this autonomous island, owned by the Anticosti Corporation, is closed to tourists, *entrepreneurs* and dogs. Believe it or not, ladies, here's a spot where men are predominant, with a ratio of ten to one in a population of 2,500! Mostly "bushmen" (lumberjacks), they live in pretty primitive style—where work and play are one. No Broadway, nor even movies; and one automobile in the entire place. But don't stray so far behind; get up closer to Mr. England and hear how history is still repeating itself. For this island of some 3,000 square miles of priceless forests, hunting and fishing grounds, dates back to 1535, when through the adventures of Jacques Cartier, it became the possession of King Francois I. One hundred and twenty-five years later, Admiral William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, made a fruitless attack. In 1895, Henri Menier, the French chocolate king, bought it for $125,000; and as recently as 1927, his brother Gaston sold it to the present corporation for six million dollars.

And this is simply the second lap of an excursion that sails on and on through ever more fascinating scenes.

JANET SABLOFF

About People

THE two outstanding visitors to America this winter are General Jan Christiaan Smuts, the South African statesman, and Count Michael Korolyi, who was the first president of Hungary.

The Feakins lecture and concert management announces that so far they have booked S. K. Ratcliffe, who needs no introduction to our readers, for 102 engagements; that Dr. Bruno Roselli's talks on Where Rome Ends and Italy Begins, and The United States of Europe, are meeting with fine response; that Harendra Nath Chattopadhyaya, brother of Mme. Sarojini Naidu, is affording a non-political interpretation of India through his program on The Music and Mystery of India. The American Friends of Italian Freedom are trying to arrange an American tour for Francesco Nitti, who recently escaped after four years of exile on the Lipari Islands.

Dr. Susan M. Kingsbury is spending her sabbatical year in Russia with Dr. Mildred Fairchild, who is making the first research study of women in industry for the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders of the University of Liverpool, author of The Population Movement, and Professor Carrado Gini, president of the Central Bureau of Statistics in Rome, will come to the University of Minnesota for the spring quarter as visiting professors of sociology.

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THE SNOW BIRD

(*Continued from page* 533)

One look at the high fence brought dismay to both their faces.

"Where's this, Steve?"

"Lord, this is Cleburn! I thought we were as far south as Waco. Now we are in a fix!"

"How come?"

"This here yard has got that fence all around it. There's a gate where the trains come in and out, and by those gates is some old engine headlights that's fixed so they can shine right through the train. They get all the guys that tries to ride through here."

"Sure, but it ain't night—and we're in."

"You poor fool, sure we're in. But how we going to get out?"

"Walk out!"

"Fat chance. They'll grab us at the gate."

"Let's move on. We can't do nothing here, and there ain't no sense in gettin' back in the car. This here is a division point."

"That's the first bright word you've said today, Whitie."

They started down the track. "You're so all fired smart this morning, Whitie, figure up some way of gettin' out of here. We'll meet a railroad cop sooner or later, and then we'll have to have something fine to say."

"Flash your card."

"No good. These guys down here don't know the war's over, much less anything about a union. Besides, I've lost my card!"

Charlie suggested several means, but they were all vetoed by the more practical Steve. As they turned quickly around the end of a line of box-cars, Steve slipped in the loose cinders, and the punch of the spur in his bundle of tools gave him the hint.

"Say, Whitie, I clean forgot all about old John Doolittle; you know, the guy with the cash and the gun. Well, he got caught in here once, and he climbed a pole lookin' for trouble. Come on over here by this line of poles."

When they arrived at the base of a tall pole, Steve unslung his kit of lineman's tools, strapped the cold spurs about his calves, buckled the clanking belt of tools about his waist, and started up the pole. About ten feet from the ground he called down to the waiting Charlie.

"Stand down between the span and yell at me to look at some wire. I'll untie it and shake it out and then tie it in again." Charlie nodded. "I sure hope I don't burn this one. This here's a red cedar and harder than hell."

The North Pole Annoys Texas

AS he climbed Steve held his knees far from the pole so that if his spurs should slip from the hard surface, the inward bend of the leg would catch the point in the wood again. When he reached the top, a cold north wind struck him squarely in the face and penetrated his flimsy garments. "Nothing but a barbed-wire fence this side of the North Pole," he muttered to himself, quoting the boomer's pet epigram about Texas plains, winds and cold in general.

He looked down for Charlie: no Charlie was in sight. But standing at the foot of the pole was a man in blue, wearing a conspicuous star; and the man was gazing up at Steve. Paying no attention to him, Steve undid the tie-wires of the pole-pins, shook the tight copper wires, squinted down their length with a knowing air, and then gravely tied the wire back to the glass insulator. He did the same with the next pair of wires. When all the pairs on the arm had been tested he shook his head in a disappointed manner, unslung his safety and dropped down the fifty feet in a surprisingly few steps. The detective greeted him affably enough.

"Howdy, Bo."

"Hell of a cold morning, ain't it?" retorted Steve.

"Yea. What's the trouble? Wire busted?"

"Damned if I know. Boss said there was trouble on the Waco-Fort Worth circuit and I thought they might be too tight."

"From Cleburn?"

(*Continued on page* 542)

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"Nope. Came up from Fort Worth. Been riding the top and looking for it. I thought it might be up on these high ones and so I tried 'em. Guess it's further along. Coming this way?" Steve started down the track.

"Yea, I'll go as far as the gate. They might not want to let you out. Gotta card, ain't you?"

"Sure." Steve began to take off his tool-belt, apparently to retrieve the card from some inner depths of his clothing. As he walked, he searched, trying to seem surprised that the card was not in each empty pocket.

"Guess I've lost the damned thing again. I have to get a new one about every week. Sorry, pard."

"Oh, that's all right."

They walked in silence until they came to the flanking lights and the group of guards at the gate.

"Here's another, Mack," said the detective, his voice sounding to Steve like the roar of a bursting shell. "This here's the fourth guy this week that's tried the wire trouble stunt on me."

"Hey, lemme go," protested Steve, as one of the group clutched him. "I gotta get that trouble."

"You'll get trouble enough when you see the judge."

"But how about my job?"

"Say, guy," said the erstwhile friend menacingly, "if you bums only had a job you'd be all right. Trouble is you won't work and just come down here to run some respectable man with a family out of his soft place for the winter. Then you beat it back north."

"But I've got a job—"

"Job! Yes, you've got a job now—and your job'll be to warm a cell for thirty days, and say, next time you try to spring that tale on me get a new one. I been a hiker mself." He retreated through the gates and then fired his final shot. "Besides these guys down here don't carry no cards. You snow birds is the only ones that does that. There's your pardner over there. Tell your troubles to him."

The Pleasant Jail at Cleburn

THE Cleburn jail was a product of the Grover Cleveland period of architecture that had lasted into the present century. Primarily, it was designed to incarcerate Negroes who had somehow neglected to pay their poll-tax, and consequently a major portion of the building was uninhabitable for white men who were making a stay as long as thirty days. Steve and Charlie were given a cell together, a fairly large room with canvas stretched over two swinging steel frames as beds, a washstand and two chairs. The whitewashed walls were covered with inscriptions, intimate discussions of personal problems, and unsolicited opinion about the town of Cleburn. There was one small barred window high in the wall. The door itself was of heavy wood with a small bull's-eye through which the prisoners might be observed by the guard. The days were warm and the nights untroubled by the usual snores, screams and scuffling of rats that are so popular in melodramatic prisons. All told, the Cleburn jail was a fairly pleasant place.

Their jailer, a towering though stooped bulk of an old man with flowing white locks and a walrus mustache, was kind enough. When first they had been brought in he had looked them over slowly and intimately, smiled his approval at Steve and passed Charlie by indifferently. Then he had pulled out a long, blue-black Colt from its holster and held it up before them.

"Now don't you boys try to escape, or I'll have to shoot you if you do, and I ain't never missed a man or dog in my life," he had admonished them. Charlie had hurriedly agreed, but Steve had merely reached for the gun to examine it. As he twirled the smoothly turning cylinder the old man had smiled again.

Jefferson Davis Evans had since turned out to be more garrulous and interested in parts afar. His irregular visits to their cell had become periodic, and now on the twelfth day of the confinement they awaited his afternoon call, and welcomed his entrance with relief.

"Howdy, boys," said the old man as he carefully closed the door behind him. "Here's a few ripe persimmons my boys found when they went out hunting today." He handed the fruit to Steve. "How's everything? Like the dinner? My gal made that, as I told her you-all was getting kind o' restless."

"Let me pay you for the extra work," said Steve, handing the old man a dollar bill. Steve had been in jail before and was accustomed to such delicacies as had been served them at dinner.

"Oh, that's all right," mumbled Evans, but he pocketed the bill. The three settled themselves for their talk, Charlie leaning back against the wall behind his bed, and Steve in the other chair.

"What I can't see," Evans began, pulling a characteristic stogie from his vest pocket, "is why you boys didn't pay your fines when they arrested you for vagrancy. You've got plenty of money, eh?"

"That's what I don't see, either," began Charlie. "Here we might have been in Flower's Camp and having a hell of a good time. But, no; Steve here, he said he wasn't going to pay, and so I guess that's all there is to it. Me, of course—well, I don't count. All, I have to do is—"

"You see, Mr. Evans, it's sort of a matter of principle with me," said Steve, turned to the old man as he rolled a cigarette, totally ignoring Charlie. "I ain't been in jail for more'n five years, since before I took up with that runt there, and the last time I was pulled, it was in Waco, I said I was never going to pay a fine again. Principle of the thing."

"But you boys are workingmen, and not tramps. I should think you'd be in a hurry to get to your job."

"Sure we are. But that's just the point. We get pinched like a tramp if we happen to be in a town and don't seem to belong there, like your town here. There ain't no difference made between us and them bums. Look at this A No. 1. He thinks he's a smart fellow, begging his way around the country . . ."

"Yes," interrupted Evans, blowing a great cloud of smoke up to the ceiling with the explosion of his utterance. "They caught him here once and he paid as quick as he could. But still, in the eyes of the law, a vagrant is a vagrant, whether he might be a working-man or not." He finished with an almost judicial tone.

"Well, you asked me why I didn't pay my fine," said Steve, returning to the topic. "It's a principle with me. I'm an honest guy, I hope, and I pay for everything I get and I earn the money honestly. When I get where I'm going to work, nobody says anything to me 'cause I'm spending my money in that town. But as soon as I begin to travel, they all like to catch me and hold me in one place. I just let them please themselves. If they want me to stay here, I'll stay. It doesn't cost me anything to stay in the jug a month—I save money. Why ain't I as good as any guy here?"

"I'm kinda old fashioned, like our laws," replied Evans. He hesitated a moment before continuing, leaned back in his chair with half-closed eyes, and in a moment was transformed from a rather senile old man with a dirty vest, to a patriarch pronouncing words of wisdom to his people. "When I was a boy a young man thought most about getting a wife and settling down, and having children. Now—well now it's kinda different. Young men don't think so much of settling down, and them as does is liable to lose their jobs to you smarter fellows who come down for the winter. Maybe that's why they put you in jail; because you work too good and come from another place."

Charlie leaned over the bed to interrupt. "No, that ain't it. You're wrong. It's women," he whined at them, watching Steve from the corner of his eye. His words had the desired effect. Steve flared up immediately.

"Women?" he shouted.

"Yep, women. You ain't married, that's why you get pinched and fined." Charlie was trying to intone his words with a more subtle connotation than their text carried. But before Steve could reply, Jailer Evans spoke.

"I believe that's it. Now if you all were married—but you won't, so that's all there is to that. Getting kinda old-fashioned. Guess I'll go out and see how those bloodhounds is getting along." He arose slowly and passed in his deliberate fashion through the door which he re-bolted behind him.

"Say, you damned runt, what you trying to do, kid me?"

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"No, honest to God I ain't, Steve." Charlie knew that flat tone and the cold eyes.

"Well, what did you mean?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you. No, it ain't about that skirt. She wasn't no good, I found out. But I didn't want to tell you before; didn't want you to know that I didn't know how to pick them. But what was it that guard said when he pinched us? Something about running off a guy with a wife and child to support. That's the whole thing. They got more on their hands than we have, and they're jealous and afraid of us—so we are pinched."

Steve did not answer but began to stride up and down the cell again. More than ever he seemed to be something wild that had been caught and caged; something wild with the eternal question in its mind—the question that may be found in the eyes of any zoo animal. As he strode up and down he felt a desire to give vent to his reproaches to the world, yet something held him back. Strangely enough, the belligerent little man of Dugan's Hotel flashed back to his mind. What a sorry thing it would really be, he thought, if that man had actually been jealous of him as Charlie suggested. In his ability to stand alone, even to support others, Steve did not realize the total inability to cope with circumstances that assailed other temperaments than his own: he did not realize that the reclining Whitie Charlie would never have survived three years of itinerant life without his protection and leadership. Yet he did appreciate that men, tied by bonds of wife and children, might envy his happy-go-lucky existence.

In one of his more fanciful periods he had looked upon that stretch of land between his northern and southern jobs as a no-man's-land, the territory of an enemy country through which he must steal, depending upon his wits and strength to go unmolested. And as such he had played the game, stolen rides on freight trains and hoodwinked the officers of a hundred small towns by his keener intelligence. He was actually living the pioneer life of industry even more acutely than many of his kind, because he half realized the limits of his own territory.

But now as he strode up and down the cell, a small doubt crept into his mind. Had he been doing the right thing? Was it proper for him to shirk a responsibility that he had never before considered as his own? He enjoyed life; as far as he was concerned, his parents had existed solely to bring him into the world, and both had passed beyond his ken shortly after accomplishing that act.

Was he playing the game square?

There is a spirit to the pioneer that is not appreciated by people of the every-day existence—the people who constitute our profiteers, grocers, lawyers, professors and clergymen. Steve, in his deliberation of the problem that faced him, would have been comic to them, as their lives were dreadful to Steve. Some compromise might be effected, he was sure. He would assume his responsibilities, but he would not stay in one spot. His wife—he had jumped to that conclusion automatically—would travel around the country with him. Not on the roads or in the ice chambers of refrigerator cars, of course; but still she would travel. The thought that there might be romantic young ladies to whom a trip in a box car would be the zenith of adventure was beyond his understanding.

"Right away," he said aloud.

"What say?" inquired Charlie sleepily.

"Said we'd pay our fine and go to Flower's Camp tomorrow."

Steve Observes the Married Men

FLOWER'S Camp was boisterous in its welcome of the late arrivals, chaffing them about their forced stay in Cleburn and hinting dangerously near the subject that had been tacitly dropped by Steve and Charlie: the reason for their delay in starting.

The camp's present position at the edge of Canyon City was new territory for nearly all the men, because the Texas Panhandle offers little or no attraction to the traveling workman, and certain individuals of the Santa Fé railroad have established a reputation for that particular line that causes it to be shunned by all except tramps.

The first Sunday, after his breakfast and smoke, Steve decided to walk into the little town and "see the sights." As he strolled aimlessly up the dirt-paved street, he passed cottage after cottage: diminutive buildings, (*Continued on page* 544)

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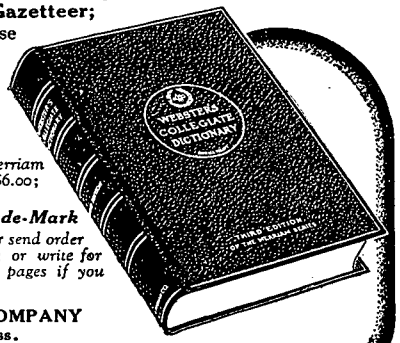

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sometimes affairs of but one or two rooms; but all were inhabited. Here a gardener pulled the weeds from his front-yard vegetable plot with manifest pride; from another small enclosure that surrounded a green cottage ran a child, with its mother in close pursuit, the Sunday wash-rag held threateningly in her hand—the cottages were the homes of small families.

As Boomer Steve wandered through this rather poor and meager district, he saw none of its smallness, its monotony, its ugliness. To him the houses were veritable rose-bowers, the men to be envied and the little children angels. His mind flashed back to his childhood. It was a short childhood and quickly told. His parents dead when he was five; the next five years in a cheerless round from one unreceptive relative to another; at eleven to work and his own boss since. Yes, his childhood did lack something, though what he was not sure.

But here were children, and men who had found and married the one woman, following that instinct that is somewhere at the back of every man's emotions.

Steve suddenly felt his own loss quite poignantly. He had never had a home; he had never been looked upon with favor, as far as he knew, by a respectable woman; why, the ordinary appurtenances of a home, or the process of acquiring a home were unknown to him. But money could solve nearly everything, and he could earn money.

As he walked down the street considering his problem, the possibility of a home became more and more real, and he found himself examining the different houses and yards with a critical eye to their arrangement, their situation. And through it all he felt a peculiar emotion, a tightening of his chest, a narrowing of his eyes, and a tautness of his arms that was unusual. He had felt such an emotion before: the time when, as a young hiker, he had first climbed to the top of a seventy-foot pole. That experience had sent the blood bounding through his veins with an exhilaration rarely experienced since, until now, when he felt that it again was overpowering him.

Nesting Time for Snow Birds

AT the edge of the business district he came to a small hotel, as bleak and barren as Dugan's; but because of its situation, almost on the edge of the prairie with the marks of ancient and modern transportation before its doors—the deep-worn ruts of the freighter line, now abandoned, and the shining steel of the railroad—the hotel seemed to possess a distinct air of individuality: any building more ornate or less utilitarian would have been a travesty of art and nature.

As he paused before the building and peered through its dirty glass swinging doors, Steve caught a glimpse of a smiling, feminine face within the hotel lobby, and beside it a dim sign that said cigars. He felt he needed a smoke.

"Good morning," he said to the girl as he selected his cigars. She couldn't be more than twenty-one, he told himself. There was something quite attractive in her round, expressionless baby eyes, her plump face and arms, with a dimple over the hidden knuckles of each finger—something that was more than attractive, because he felt himself experiencing that strange emotion again.

"You're from Flower's Camp, aren't you?" she asked. While he nodded his acknowledgment he told himself that her voice was pretty.

Half an hour later the cigar had been consumed, together with several cigarettes, and Steve had discovered her name to be Mildred and her life to have been a perfect blank since birth, although his interpretation would not have been expressed so bluntly. He invited her to the single performance of the picture show for that evening, and she accepted.

The next day there was a dance that might be attended, and so with simple regularity they entertained each other for the two weeks the camp remained at Canyon City. Then Flower moved to Amarillo, where during a period of three weeks Steve and Mildred corresponded with the same regularity that they had attended shows and dances. Then the camp moved back to Canyon City for the last of the Panhandle work, and the prospect of an immediate departure drew the two closer together. One night, of course, their mutual confessions were made, and after a passage of time they nestled behind the stove to talk.

"It's something I've been thinking of for a long time," Steve told her, "a little house and chickens and—" he became suddenly embarrassed. "We can get something like that here until summer, and then we'll go to Chicago until it gets colder. It sure will be nice to have a wife to travel with," he said, speaking the last sentence more to himself than to her.

"But I don't want to travel around the country like you."

"Oh, but I won't work in no line camps," he assured her. "That's no place for women. I mean I'll get a job in town."

"No sir, Steve. You can go as far as Amarillo to work, if you want to. But I want to stay somewhere near Pa and Ma."

"But I can't get no line work here."

"No! But you can get something else. I ain't going to travel around the country none. Do you think I want to be a snow bird's wife?"

The Call of the Wild Geese

THAT night Steve was awakened by the call of wild geese flying low. When he lifted the flap of the tent, a long V of them, honking industriously, flew between him and the moon.

Just at dusk a train pulled into the depot, the long line of box-cars stretching back out into the open prairie before the town. Steve and Charlie walked from the tents over to an empty, into which Steve tossed his bundle of tools.

"I'm sorry you don't want me to go with you, Steve," said Charlie, as he offered his hand for a boost into the car.

"No, you better stay here. And say, that little girl in the hotel might interest you. She's straight."

"All right, Steve."

The train began to move slowly, to the music of three long mellow blasts from the locomotive whistle and the jingle of loose brake-shoes and tightening couplers. With an undemonstrative wave of his hand, Steve turned back to the box-car and threw his tools into a corner, shut the door and lighted a cigarette. That high-tension job would be opening near Duluth soon. This light stuff of the Texas plains didn't have enough kick in it, he thought, by way of reconciliation. Fleshpots didn't taste as well as he had thought they would. He settled down comfortably. Somewhere near him a slightly flat wheel drummed a song of speed, and by its monotonous tune he fell asleep.

Above the plains that were illuminated in a long streak by the headlight of the locomotive a V of wild geese flew. The train and the geese were headed north. Snow birds were on the wing.

HISTORY AT ITS SOURCE

(*Continued from page* 525)

3. Has brought to all the group a realization and appreciation of the struggles of the early settlers.
4. Has given some members of the group a grasp of the social and economic problems of the community which is necessary if one is to successfully adapt oneself to the life of the community today. (This from a man of Holland birth who is now the manager of a cooperative creamery in the Tulare community.)

Perhaps, the writer has labored in vain up to this point to convince the reader that what has been described is something new and interesting in education. If so, there is still one thing to be said. Surely a course in which the teacher learns as much as any pupil *is* something *new* in education; for the writer, who, as has already been said, was the leader of the group, cannot see how any member of the group could have enjoyed the six discussions more than he and he is sure that no one individual of the group learned more new things than did he.

The one course described herein was only one subdivision of the Tulare Adult School. The whole program of the school was just as original as the course described. Who, and what, in the Tulare community, is responsible for such a piece of educational pioneering? Of course, it goes without saying, that somewhere along the line some daring spirit conceived the idea of such an undertaking. That spirit is David L. MacKaye, the organizer and director of the 1928 and 1929 Adult Schools. But no one man unaided could bring such a plan to complete

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fruition. The director, in describing the difficulties of organization, has written:

As a matter of fact, it was found later that not many of the women's organizations, or the more detached civic organizations, or the groups which had studied Persian art one year in the Delphian club and Norwegian drama the next and organized, perhaps, a golf club in the third year, or any of the smaller groups which looked to "higher things," or the churches, or any one of the uplifting influences at all, took an active part in this enterprise. The probable reason for this was that they had "programs" of their own and that in many cases these programs were hauled down from state and national headquarters!

The functioning committees were from the Chamber of Commerce and service clubs. They paid for advertising, received guests, helped in the minutiae of administration, provided transportation, and finally, made up the bulk of attendance before the principal speakers of the "school." They made the school fashionable; the other organizations accepted the demonstration.

Thus it came about that the Babbitts of Tulare have supported and encouraged an educational experiment that to date has no counter-part in the United States. Let Mr. Mencken make the most of that!

THE PSYCHOSIS OF THE GANG

(*Continued from page* 506)

Let us leave the man who submits to live entirely in his times, and concentrate our attention on those who are left behind—stuck in childhood, our growing gangsters. They keep their old ways intact, their schoolboy code of honor-law, their Red Indian casuistry of right and wrong. Their ultimate ideal may still be Dempsey, whom the other discarded for Garfield or Rockefeller. But their practical working model is still the tough fellow round the corner, Colosimo, or Hymie Weiss, or Al Capone. Indian braves, all of them, to the boy-mind of most gangsters. Their economics is still simply to pay with their skin. Their life ambition, gang applause, even to their death scene.

In short, the gangster has crashed the gate; he has come through puberty, still a boy. He is more brutal than a brutal boy; there is some progress while there is life. But his intellect, like his ideal and like all his social ways, is still of a boy. Even the great leaders of the underworld, I was told by real business men in contact with them (and the answer did not surprise me), were in business, in their so over-praised organization, in their tactics and foresight, only "ordinary boys." Capone could not make a living with an honest green-grocery; not one of the greatest of them is up to a moderate standard of business ability.

Later we must return to the matter of their code. For there somewhere is the last depth of the question. It is enough for now to recapitulate that the basis of their ethical position is not by any means its pure negation of established law, but only its anachronism. Any respectable, worthy immigrant family may stay with the social ideas they brought, and still especially if they are passive, pass as only picturesque. All boys, left to themselves, live anachronistically. But a grown man who reasons and acts out of his time, who attempts some lestobiotic connection with society, as the ancient Jews did with Egypt and Babylon, whose rich caravans passed their doors; whose ideal is like some Mohican brave—these are simply called criminals. Unless, of course there is a war on.

But then there remains to account in this outline of the gangster for his special production in Chicago. To admit that this is the case would be very far from my mind, as you will see later. But let me grant, if you like, the special perfection to which the type develops here above all the cities and politics of the modern world. The full explanation of that is what the remaining articles of this series will attempt to give. For the moment, we have only reckoned with the banquet and the guests, the smell of the baked dishes, more generous here than at any other life provides for man; opportunity in the air, the boundless possibilities of riches; and the appetites before it that have been sharpening for thousands of years.

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STABLE WORK A CITY ASSET

(*Continued from page* 509)

employment agencies so that, either through its own central and branch offices, or through associated agencies, it may give an adequate service to the Philadelphia district. . . . We further recommend that the Industrial Relations Committee use its influence in helping the Philadelphia branch of the State Employment Bureau to increase the number of its offices and expand its services as rapidly as it finds opportunities to do so usefully."

As Sam A. Lewisohn, president of the American Management Association, pointed out to us at our April conference:

> Perhaps the best service that Philadelphia can render to the whole problem will be to work out intensively a laboratory, just as we do in business, to conduct as we say in mining, a "pilot mill," for the entire country. Philadelphia has the opportunity to build up so effective an [employment] office that it will be a model employment exchange in the country. Perhaps initially public funds might be supplemented by a private subsidy, as has been done elsewhere. . . . Philadelphia could make a real contribution in giving us at least here in the East a model employment exchange.

When a public building is constructed or a new boulevard laid, the job offers employment to groups of workers who would otherwise be idle. But this direct effect is, from the point of view of regularized industry, the least important result of going ahead with public works at a time when industry is sagging. The volume of material which must be produced and transported—bricks, cut stone, roofing, gravel, cement, structural steel, flooring, doors, windows, desks, typewriters, electrical equipment, filing cabinets, and so on almost without end, sets the wheels turning in places hundreds of miles from the actual job, and makes work for thousands of men and women who will never hear of the Podunk Postoffice or the Bigwide Boulevard. This use of public works has already been discussed at length in these pages by Otto T. Mallery, a member of our unemployment committee (see The Survey, April 1, page 25; December 15, page 329). The committee feels that this is an important phase of any community attack on the problem of regularization, especially in view of President Hoover's request for municipal cooperation in a federal program of long-term planning and appropriation to gear federal public works into the depressions of the business cycle. To this end, the committee proposes that the Industrial Relations Committee "use its influence in helping the officers of the city government to retain some percentage of the borrowing power for use at such times as the government may take the lead in releasing the national public works reserve." The committee also urges that the New City Planning Commission earmark certain parts of the City Plan and also of all unfinished long term projects for execution in slack times.

ANOTHER angle from which Philadelphia, like all American cities and towns, can cut down unemployment is in cutting down the number of the "unemployable." "Floaters" or "casual workers" drift from job to job, increasingly difficult to place and invariably the first to be dropped at the approach of "hard times." These "problem employes," we are beginning to feel, are frequently the end results of educational mistakes, the boys and girls who were turned adrift as soon as the labor law of their state permitted, without definite training and with little or no vocational guidance. They started their wage-earning lives in dead-end jobs which in themselves offered no future and gave the young workers no specific training. This is the type of job, which according to the Junior Placement Service of the Philadelphia public school system, claims today the great majority of children who are leaving school before they are sixteen years of age. Thus, in 1928-29, out of 1,084 requests from employers to the service for boys under sixteen, 776 were for errand boys and 161 for unskilled operatives in manufacturing. There were only about 50 openings for young boys in clerical, mercantile and "miscellaneous" positions. This point was emphasized by Arthur H. Young of Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., speaking before a meeting of the Industrial Relations Committee in May, when he said:

> Vocational guidance is a phase of prevention which deserves serious consideration. Most children choose their occupations in a haphazard way through seeing a chance ad., living near a plant or hearing the glowing tale of some friend. They may be going into an overcrowded industry or trying a type of work for which they are not fitted. At present your schools have made a beginning; they need an even closer contact with industry.

The situation calls for cooperation with the Board of Education in developing vocational training and guidance which will prepare young people for gainful employment suited to their abilities and connect them with constructive jobs in their chosen field.

The further our committee went in its task, the more it came to suspect formulas for solving unemployment. We are convinced that no simple, dramatic cure-all is going to be "discovered." Instead, we must seek more facts and more careful interpretation of the facts we already have, and so arrive at a clear understanding of the total situation. Only then will it be possible to work out adequate plans for dealing with irregular employment and with unemployment. In the Philadelphia area, the agencies best equipped for carrying on such research and study are the Department of Industrial Research of the University of Pennsylvania, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Board of Education. Their work must of course be coordinated so that the whole field will be covered without overlapping.

MANY studies have already been initiated by these groups, the progress of which calls for the cooperation of the City's trade associations, the Business Progress Committee, and the welfare organizations. Thus the Federal Reserve Bank has for some years collected data showing monthly fluctuations in employment, in payrolls and in related matters in representative industries in the district. The Board of Education has taken a census of employment among nearly 10 per cent of the wage-earners in Philadelphia, the replies to which are now being tabulated and analyzed by the Department of Industrial Research. The department is also carrying forward a number of other studies bearing on unemployment, including an analysis of the unemployment records of nearly two thousand Philadelphia applicants for employment during the past four years; a study which attempts to measure the changes in employment and to discover the causes for these changes in 350 Philadelphia plants since 1926; and a study of the influence of increasing mechanization on unemployment in the metal industry.

Here is an invaluable beginning, but a great deal more is needed if we are to get at the causes and effects of unemployment in Philadelphia, and the possible means of improvement. Such a complete picture is as essential for a community which has set out to bring up its "employment score" as is comparable information about his own plant for the employer who seeks to cut down broken employment and irregular production in his own business. To this end, the Department of Industrial Research plans a three-year research program which will supplement existing studies and furnish the comprehensive picture on which much of the success of the suggested program depends. The department will also keep abreast of plans for the projected Institute of Unemployment at Swarthmore and gear its work in with that important undertaking.

The research program covers five main lines of work: There will be a series of studies of irregularity of employment and unemployment in each of the major industries of the Philadelphia area. The causes of unemployment and broken employment vary from industry to industry and from business to business. It is impossible to talk about unemployment among dock workers and telephone operators in the same terms. In developing a program of regularization for any industry, therefore, the first step must be an analysis of the factors in that particular field.

We need also more usable and accurate yardsticks to measure industrial unemployment and our progress in controlling it. A second line of research will seek to set up current indices of unemployment, to be published at frequent and regular intervals over a long period. Possible sources for such an index are payrolls of selected industries and business organizations; census of unemployment; consumption of electric power; reports of employment agencies, trade unions and welfare organizations; want ads, analyzed by industries, indices of employment and unemployment for particular trades. Such an index, with other

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business indicators for the Philadelphia area would, our report points out, "furnish a continuous indication of trends and would assist individual industries and trades in making orderly adjustments."

The Department of Industrial Research also proposes to analyze public works carried on directly or indirectly by the City of Philadelphia during the past ten years, and on this basis lay out a plan for using municipal public works to regularize employment in the Philadelphia area.

As a step toward better methods of finding jobs and finding workers in Philadelphia, the department intends to study the private employment agencies in the community, those run by employers' associations and trade unions, and the present State Employment Office.

Finally the department will study unemployment among workers and the extent to which it is a direct cause of poverty and social deterioration. In this group of studies will be included an analysis of the unemployment experience for a twelve-month period of all the wage-earners living in twenty-five selected city blocks.

This research program is fundamental to a community attempt to deal with unemployment. The Philadelphia studies will go forward as rapidly as personnel and the required cooperation are available.

Obviously, to put into effect such a plan as is here outlined is not the work of a few weeks or months. "Only through a continuing program," our report points out, "can a community hope to deal with its problems of underemployment, and permanent agencies will probably have to be developed for that purpose." In the brief time that has elapsed since the editor of Survey Graphic asked me to prepare this statement, the plan of which I write has become more than a plan. It has been approved by the Executive Committee of the Chamber of Commerce and referred back to the Industrial Relations Committee, which now is empowered to proceed at once to get the program under way as a going endeavor. The first step will probably be to form the standing committee recommended in our report. This means the discharge of the present sub-committee and the organization of a group of from five to seven members charged with general responsibility for carrying out the specific proposals of the report. The committee, to be known as the Committee on the Philadelphia Program for Combating Unemployment, will have the further responsibility of devising and suggesting needed measures not included in the scheme as it now stands. The Philadelphia plan, in the view of those who are perhaps closest to it, is a living, growing thing. Beginning as an attempt to devise a statistical tool, it has become a program for a community effort to deal with the complex problems of unemployment as a whole.

President Hoover has said:

> There is, to my mind, no economic failure so terrible in its import as that of a country possessing a surplus of every necessity of life with numbers, willing and anxious to work, deprived of those necessities. It simply cannot be if our moral and economic system is to survive.

Philadelphia is preparing to accept that challenge. And we believe that if one community makes a deep-going analysis of its own situation and then sets about bringing up its "employment score," other communities will follow. Philadelphia is ready to do this pioneering. We see it as one step toward a sound national program, and an effective "way out" of the needless economic waste and personal suffering caused by unemployment in this country.

INDIANS INC.

(*Continued from page* 522)

hand and keep up with the new lands that are constantly running into estates. The situation is further complicated by the fact that all the heirs do not inherit equally. We have instances where one Indian will inherit units of 1/500 of an allotment [of the rental or sales proceeds of an allotment]. We are getting nowhere. I do not know how we can ever expect to continue as we have in the past.

The picture as here drawn is (*Continued on page* 548)

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(*Continued from page* 547) summary and is indefinitely less than the facts, but is enough to justify the question, are remedies possible?

Some administrative remedies are practicable, if the Indian Bureau be reorganized and if Congress be generous with appropriations. First, the further allotment of unallotted reservations can be stopped until the Allotment Act is amended into a beneficent rather than a baneful instrument. Second, agricultural help can be extended to the Indians—education, assistance in marketing and in productive organization, and crop, chattel and credit-union loans. Thus many Indians can be enabled to farm their own allotments, and some Indian heirs may be enabled to purchase the land of their deceased parents.

THESE remedies will not suffice. The allotment law must be modified. This power rests with Congress alone. Minor changes in the allotment law could be the following:

Heirship lands, when their value justifies it, could be recaptured and restored to the tribal estate for future allotment, through appropriations from Congress.

Indian heirs who desire to keep and use the heirship land could be assisted with government loans which, the Indian agreeing, would become mortgages on the land, paying interest to the government and subject to foreclosure in the discretion of the government.

The existing reimbursable lien on allotted lands, which is presumptively unconstitutional and which beyond dispute was imposed in violation of express compact, can be remitted by Congress. Possibly it might be nullified through a test case fought through to the Supreme Court, which Indian welfare bodies might usefully undertake.

The leasing by Indians of allotted land could be made a responsibility of the tribal council acting with the advice and assistance of the bureau superintendent. Congress established this precedent in legislation affecting the leasing of Crow Indian allotted land three years ago. Thus a modicum of communal responsibility for the landholdings could be restored.

All of these remedies, administrative, legal and legislative, would fall indefinitely short of a cure. What *radical* cure can be attempted?

Secretary Wilbur has repeatedly indicated the answer. The remedy lies in a program of incorporating the Indian tribes and groups. Under a new type of federal guardianship, exercised over the affairs of the body corporate, the Indians could then operate and develop the tribal estates and recapture whatever valuable part remains of the allotted lands.

The allotted Indian, turning in his allotment to the corporation, would receive, in consideration, shares of stock, cash or other consideration, as he and the corporation and the federal guardian might determine. The land recaptured by the corporation would be subject to re-allotment by the corporation, exactly in the manner which prevails on the Pueblo land-grants today. Individuals making beneficial use of Pueblo land hold it inalienably; they may exchange or sell it within the tribe; their heirs can inherit it; and when individual ownership terminates, the land reverts to the common estate. It would seem that the Pueblo allotment system was unknown to those who framed the federal allotment laws. Perhaps it was known to them but disregarded as being something native, ancient, Indian, and therefore necessarily worthless.

The tribal corporation would be empowered, subject to the official guardian's consent, to incur obligations, enter into contracts, float bonds, or utilize credit extended by the government. It would employ technical management, and in all ways would utilize the instruments of modern corporate business and would be held to the accountability of the business corporation.

The tribal incorporation plan has been drafted by Senator McNary into a bill for the incorporation of the Klamath tribe of Oregon. Vice-President Curtis, at the time majority leader of the Senate, advised in the formulation of the idea. Conceived primarily with respect to the diminution of paternalism applied to the Indian tribal estates, the measure is equally fundamental in its bearing on the tortured situation of allotted Indians and their locked-up and swiftly dwindling landholdings. It is the furthest-reaching, most all-embracing, and at the same time most promptly applicable of all major legislative proposals affecting Indians. The Klamath tribe secured the introduction

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of the bill, and is promoting it. With appropriate changes of language, the corporation idea may prove applicable to the majority of the Indians and the overwhelming majority and value of Indian properties.

The McNary Bill, and the endorsement of the tribal corporation idea by Secretary Wilbur, mark a great historical change in Indian policy. They mark the end of that period through which it was deemed to be the obligation of the government to destroy Indian native life, outlaw Indian group enterprise, pulverize Indian energies, war against Indian personality and clamp upon the Indians that early nineteenth-century conception of human nature and of industrial process which the white man has long since escaped from.

AT FILENE'S

(*Continued from page* 518)

employes was never equal in power to the status of the stock-owning managers. As the event turned out, when the Filenes shared ownership with their fellow-managers, they merely added to themselves other capitalists who did not subsequently favor the wider sharing of ownership with employes.

No rank-and-file worker has ever been selected for the board of directors. Always the nominees of the Filene Cooperative Association have been executives. Only in the first election did the employes vote for these nominees. Afterward the choice was made by the association's council. Despite an occasional protest by the council, which nominated them, these directors have not regarded it as part of their obligation to make reports on the state of the business to their constituents. When the final decisions were made regarding financial reorganization and even in the change whereby the Filene Cooperative Association no longer nominates directors, its nominees who were then serving had no power. The power to make the change rested entirely with the owners of voting common stock who were also the officers and managers of the business.

Perhaps in the present development of relationships between employer and employe these ideas which have been abandoned in the Filene store were not in the line of progress. Possibly representation on a board of directors is a futile gesture which gives to employes only the appearance and not the substance of a share in control. Possibly making store rules should be centralized and not decentralized. Perhaps profit-sharing is not the best method of compensating employes. To determine the ultimate desirability or undesirability of these experiments was beyond the scope of an investigation. The task of this study has been to observe and record their history—how and why they were adopted, how they worked in practice and under what circumstances they were abandoned. This record should have value as a basis for later study of such changes as may occur in industrial relations under merger control.

One thought is suggested which more or less inheres in studies of other similar plans in American industry. For the most part, the ideas developed in these plans are traceable to a philosophy of personal fair-dealing which had its origin in the days of small units of business and industry. As the size of the units of organization has increased, their owners and managers in the plans to which we refer have attempted to carry over the ideals of personal relations into the new stages of industrial development. Perhaps the more recent stages of combination display a fundamental difference in kind rather than merely in size. If so, perhaps the earlier idea of personal relations and the attempts to restore it must give place to a new conception of relationships in which employes will function responsibly in a new type of management. What Edward A. Filene has called his failure may prove to be a demonstration of the need for further experiment in which obvious mistakes of the past will be avoided. When that experiment is made, it must be worked out in the light of a clearer conception than yet prevails regarding the effect of mergers upon human relations in business and industry.

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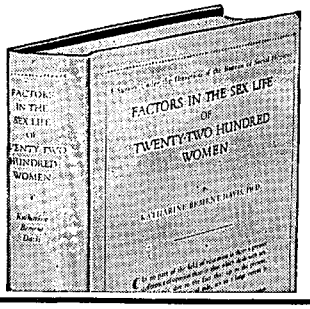

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DRUGS ET CETERA

(*Continued from page* 529)

perhaps, the most important point. How accurate is the druggist in putting up prescriptions anyway? The Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station publishes annually a bulletin devoted to a report on food and drug products in that state. I have here issues for 1925, 1926 and 1928. Among other things the bulletins deviate into analyses of prescriptions or drugs as put up by pharmacists to order. It seems of interest, therefore, to conclude with certain samples from these bulletins which bear upon matters mentioned by my druggist friend.

In the first place, the weight variations in tablets and pills supplied by pharmaceutical houses are often quite significant. Nearly 5 per cent of them will be from 20 to 30 per cent off in weight, while 40 per cent of them are regularly between 5 and 10 per cent off. Thus some aspirin tablets, for instance, were found in 1925 to be 20 per cent by weight from what they should be. What is worse, tablets and pills may vary widely from what they should be in their content of their principal medical constituent; 15 per cent of them will thus vary from 5 to 10 per cent while 6 per cent will vary from 20 to 30 per cent in their main active medicinal principles.

A prescription for arsenous acid sent to two pharmacists in 1925 brought samples of less than half strength in both instances; in a third case Fowler's Solution, which is not a solution of arsenous acid at all, was sent. Drugstore lime water, which should contain .14 per cent calcium hydroxide, was found at times to contain as little as .02 per cent. Citrate of magnesia was found to be two-thirds full strength. Essence of peppermint, which should contain 10 per cent by volume of oil of peppermint, actually contained on analysis such percentages as follows—4, 11, 14, 7.7, 10.7, 10.9, and 13.9.

WE turn to the report for 1926. Pills from a physician's stock had less than half the amount of iron compound they were supposed to contain, while tablets of morphine sulfate were found entirely too high in morphine sulphate—again an indictment of manufacturers. Drug-store lime water this year ran from .39 down to .04 per cent calcium hydroxide in lieu .14 per cent. Low figures for 10 per cent essence of peppermint were 2.52 and 7.60! Tincture of iodine supposed to contain 7 grams of iodine and 5 grams of potassium iodine per 100 c.c. actually contained 3.78 and 2.97 grams respectively. A simple solution of potassium iodide in water was asked for—45.5 grams of the salt in each 100 c.c. Various drug stores turned out such figures as the following in lieu 45.5—48.15, 48.27, 33.42, 51.84, 9.65, 15.66, 32.42, 38.99, 49.61, and out of 54 samples only 27 were O.K., 13 passed, 13 were too low and 1 too high.

Arsenous acid, a simple prescription, was tried again; it should contain 1 per cent of arsenic trioxide; such figures as the following showed up on analysis—.85, .55, .02, .64, 2.05, .72, .52, .70, .86 per cent—while in two cases Fowler's Solution, entirely the wrong material, was passed out. Nothing would seem simpler than to get aromatic spirits of ammonia of proper strength. It should contain 1.87 per cent of ammonia (grams gas per 100 c.c.). Yet out of 43 samples from different drug stores 25 were deficient in ammonia by amounts greater than 10 per cent; such figures as the following were not unusual in lieu 1.87—1.32, 1.08, .95, 1.43, 1.62, 1.39, 1.34, 1.08, 1.19, and 1.48 per cent. Colloidal silver preparations, which include argyrol, were often off in strength—in fact, 13 out of 59 samples of argyrol were not what they should be, while the 10 per cent solution ran sometimes as low as 8.43, 6.43, 7.83, 5.95, 6.22, 5.98, 6.01, 4.80, and 8.53 per cent. Argyrol containing almost identically the same amount of silver sold at prices differing from each other as widely as 63 and 34c per ounce.

Finally, let us take just a glance at the latest (1928) Report. A sample of 10 per cent ammonia water was purchased which contained 0.3 per cent ammonia—a propitious start surely. Sweet spiritis of nitre ran all over the lot; supposed to contain 4 per cent of ethyl nitrite, actual samples contained such amounts as 1.8, 2.3, 3.3, 2.7, 1.7, 3.1, 2.9, 2.4, 1.7, 1.8, 1.2, 1.5, 2.2. Mass of ferrous carbonate it seemed almost impos-

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sible to get correctly; for one thing the druggists repeatedly sent something else when it was ordered; when it did come it contained such amounts as 11.91, 19.43, or 30.90 per cent of the carbonate in lieu the required 35 per cent. Fowler's Solution which should contain 1 per cent of arsenic trioxide turned up containing such amounts as .696, .851, .703, .716, .860, .830 per cent —six samples out of twenty-one being very low. Iodine solution, supposed to contain 5 grams of iodine per 100 c.c., actually contained 4.4 or 3.3 or 2.8 grams. Chlorinated lime was sold containing 1.5 per cent of available chlorine against the 24 per cent it should contain. The powdered pepsin dispensed was frightfully weak. Twenty per cent aromatic sulfuric acid might contain as low as 15.6 per cent. Thyroid preparations which should contain .2 per cent iodine, in one case contained .39, though no statement of double strength was made by the retailer.

In short, my friend's revelations are largely sustained by the existing scientific evidence. Pharmacists are far from being what they should be. Obviously doctors are not what they should be either. Neither are any of us. The temptation to make profits faces us all. Economic standards impel all of us to turn aside from ethical verities into paths of devious virtue in order to sustain ourselves in the social strata to which we feel ourselves ordained. Therefore, instead of a drug therapy founded squarely upon what little is known scientifically and with some exactitude, we have rival drug manufacturers in ruthless competition with each other, flooding the market with "ethical" and "unethical" proprietaries, which perplex and confuse doctor and druggist alike; we find doctors impeded from giving their best service by various financial considerations which should not weigh upon them; we find druggists careless, devious and disingenuous—some, who are individualists, because they are fighting tooth and nail to prevent the "chains" from gobbling them up; others, who are chain pharmacists, perhaps largely because their hours are long, their wages low, and commissions attractive. Beneath all this welter of irrelevant traffic in dubious therapy, we find a nasty economic necessity which knows no fine principle because the system of which it is a part can give no quarter to principle.

Drug stores engage in two sorts of trade today, ethical professional pharmacy and general notions. These two must be separated. Ethical pharmacies must be set up where needed, and be strictly professional in every particular. The drug store engaged in commerce in all sorts of accessory and irrelevant goods should be a distinctly separate institution. Government regulation must enforce strict control of ethical pharmacies in the same manner in which the Food and Drug Administration now regulates the remedies which come within the all too narrow scope of the Food and Drugs Act. Such a division of the business of the retail pharmacy of today would go far towards ending many abuses and would better serve the competent physician and his patients.

LETTERS & LIFE
(*Continued from page* 538)

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SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA— 2653 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Clarence Senior, Executive Secretary. An educational and political organization fighting for increasing popular control over social and economic forces. Send stamps for recent leaflets on old age pensions and unemployment insurance.

(*Continued from page* 551) a city already falling into decay while it builds ever larger temples of commerce—in this city Mr. Powys' call for the cultivation of what is finest in human experience falls strangely upon the ear. Strangely, but also penetratingly. For, he holds up before us a life more alluring than that of pomp and circumstance, of power and wealth as these are commonly understood—a life more real in its continuous flow of joyous moments because it weaves into a single pattern the satisfactions of an intelligent grappling with our practical concerns and the undercurrent of an emotional dream life enriched by much seeing and hearing and reading.

It is not a lost paradise that he displays, one now inevitably lost for our western civilization with its characteristic demand for aggressive qualities. For, the cream of that old joke about "making culture hum when we get around to it" is that the sneerers were wrong, that the acquisition of culture really can be accelerated by appropriate means, and that in many parts of our country that process, only a few generations from the flamboyant unculture of their robber pioneers, has assumed breath-taking vitality. Mr. Powys' book is in line with that movement, not the disgruntled reflections of one living in the past. It is for people of mature outlook, people emancipated not only from the false standards of our super-optimists but also from the juvenile arrogance of our equally self-satisfied cynics.

Gratitude and defiance are the poles of his cultured attitude. In a series of chapters on its responses to life's ecstasies and its problems—philosophy, literature, poetry, painting, religion, but curiously omitting music and scientific discovery as topics for separate discussion—he describes a humanism as enticing as it is difficult to achieve. In a second section, on the applications of culture, he discloses practical ways in which the obstacles, both innate and extraneous, may be removed, ignored, or overcome. He is helpful, where, with the precision of a mind unusually sensitive to the distinctions implied, he separates the purposes and attainments of the merely educated man from those of the cultured.

Perhaps Mr. Powys does not do justice to the new forms of esthetic experience that may spring up in an age of machinery; perhaps his literary judgments, and others, are over-influenced, at times, by a purely personal career of appreciations; perhaps he is not sufficiently aware of the new tools which psychology has given us for a more exact definition of our experimental criteria—but what he has to say remains a major contribution to that quest for new standards of value which silently and with accumulating force breathes through our civilization at the very moment when, to an outside observer, it may seem most decrepit. And his aid to our understanding of what that quest demands of us is a gift we shall want to share widely.

BRUNO LASKER

New York

O Pioneers!

CHANGING NEW ENGLAND, *by Edward E. Whiting. Century. 275 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WHERE is the old-fashioned New Englander, what is happening to the civilization that he built, and what was his contribution to present-day America are questions which Mr. Edward E. Whiting, a Boston newspaper man, undertakes to answer in Changing New England. Mr. Whiting who, his publishers inform us, is a friend of former president Coolidge, has set forth this data in a form which has some resemblance to a New England mince pie. The mince-meat, the twenty middle chapters of the book, is tasty and full of plums for anyone who is interested in New England folkways or who knew the New England of pre-Ford days. The crust—the opening and closing chapters—is not quite such good eating.

The opening chapters give us the stock view of the early Puritan as a man of character and honest business who has bequeathed us his constructive virtues along with his baked beans and fine old furniture. Justice is not done to his saltier aspects as a pirate, a smuggler, a rum-drinker, a daring law-breaker, and a killer of enemies. Mr. Whiting credits the Puritan with our American habit of doing the day's work methodically, as does Mr. Coolidge, but he omits to acknowledge the possible debt of posterity to the early American for many irregular and melodramatic ways of making a living and of passing the time.

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The middle of the book is anecdotal, humorous, and packed with sense-impressions of the New England of yesterday. Here are authentic clock tinkers, tin peddlers, umbrella menders, misers, back country cynics, atheistic country doctors, and woman haters. Here is the singing school, the village lyceum, and the little knot of philosophers sitting around the grocery store stove, chewing tobacco or maybe dried codfish as they debate political issues. The three chapters on New England food could hardly be bettered except by the inclusion of the delectable and fast-disappearing baked Indian pudding and the almost extinct boiled cider applesauce. Formidable dishes are described which may well have accelerated the burning of Indian villages and the whipping of Quakers. Here is a recipe for sea-pie which Uncle Oliver of Hatfield used to eat to chirk him up when he was feeling low:

Take a liberal amount of boiled salt pork. Cover with a liberal amount of dried apples. Smother with as much molasses as seems expedient. Then bake it. Then eat it.

Unless he can guarantee the diarist to have been as strong as a prize-fighter and a six-cylinder extrovert, the author has almost too optimistic a manner of presenting the diary of a young New England housewife of 1873. Not all the women who had to bake 13 pies on churning day besides fixing Hiram's shirt had the requisite qualifications. I have read a similar diary which breaks off queerly into cipher. The cipher decodes into plans for a suicide which by dint of a rope in the barn and plenty of will-power was duly accomplished. In the farm-house where the young diary writer fried doughnuts, cut up the pigs after butchering day, and washed the menfolk's overalls, one may still see her academy books, together with scraps of Greek translations written in a delicate hand. People thought she must have gone crazy from reading and studying so much.

Mr. Whiting often observes that in New England the strong survived. "From such a breed, this nation sprang," he comments at the end of the diary of the hard-working woman. The nation did spring from a terrific breed, but perhaps we, whose ancestors lived through the ordeal of wilderness-taming and sea-pie eating should have our humble moments. Those who were eliminated, those who went down before they could give into the common life all that they might have given, may have had in them, not weakness, but a kind of strength and fitness which may yet be needed, even in a national fabric of which the stoutest fibre, as Mr. Whiting truly says, was woven by the seventeenth century Puritans.

New York City ALICE MARY KIMBALL

Arthur Gleason

THE BOOK OF ARTHUR GLEASON: *Comprising My People by Arthur Gleason, and A. G. by Helen Hayes Gleason. William Morrow & Company. 235 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SIX years after the death of Arthur Gleason this volume appears and brings to its readers a refreshing contact with the spirit of a man who in life went his way of quiet power made effective through the control of a well disciplined mind.

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The bulk of Arthur Gleason's work in book form, aside from his volumes on labor, is not great, but it would be hard to gather so much of a quality approaching it from writers far more prolific of pages.

After the richness Arthur Gleason reveals of himself in his own comment on life one would expect an anti-climax in almost anything said about him. Yet in "A. G." An Appreciation, which fills the last two thirds of the book, Helen Gleason has written a biography in which her husband lives again, in so far as the light of the word can represent the glow of life itself. Her pages do not pose a sculptured figure on a pedestal. They do not pour out purported psychology of the subject which in fact is only the psychology of the writer. In swiftly moving episode after episode, that still have the complete coherence of life itself passing through its multitudinous events, she makes the reader feel the human presence. The man is here. The tender little things are here, the ardors and endurances, the loyalties and sacrifices, the heroisms carried off with the faint flicker of the whimsical smile.

Fear of ennui from a book about a writer need not deter anyone from reading this book. Though, as Helen Gleason clearly shows, her husband loved best the artist's creative endeavor, he earned his living as a journalist, and this occupation carried him constantly into conflicts of many kinds. His own ardency hurried him to the greatest conflict of all to serve as a stretcher bearer at the front lines in Flanders and under the shell fire of Verdun. In this war experience Helen Gleason participated, as in every other interest of her husband's life—even to becoming herself a skillful swimmer so that she might join him in the recreation he most enjoyed. Her quick understanding of him finds a present expression in this biography she has written.

"A. G." is not the mere gesture of a laurel wreath for the satisfaction of the friends of Arthur Gleason. The fame of those who are the most eminent and loudly proclaimed reaches the ears of less than all in this populous earth; so far fewer ever know about such a shy person as he. Those who did know him hope that many who never heard of him before will find refreshment of mind and heart in the moving charm of this story of a life, will find affections won, a new friend made.

HASTINGS LYON

New York

PEG'S PERMANENT

(*Continued from page* 513)

Clarey is very refined—sometimes he seems almost spiritual."

After all, there was still a little fever in Peg's veins. Comfortably convalescent, but not completely cured. She slipped into the adjoining room just in time to avoid colliding with "Yours Everlastingly."

"Mr. Harkness?"

"Yeah."

Sit down, won't you?"

"Yeah." Clarey seated himself with his handsomer side toward the Referee.

"We summoned you here to discuss a certain love letter of yours written a married woman with a child, found by her husband and brought to court."

"Yeah?"

Oh God, keep us restrained!

"Have you anything to say?"

"Who was the lady?" Poor Peg!

"Mrs. John Weiss," and the Referee called to her secretary, "Please bring me the Clarey Harkness record." Our man looked agitated. There is something disconcerting about one's record reposing between secretive folders. Clarey was slowly losing confidence.

"You understand, if Mrs. Weiss decides to leave her husband we must make some plan for the child, unless you are fond of children and should want him to remain with you and the mother."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Why, if Peg decides to leave her husband."

Then the Referee took out the letter and read impressively: "If you wish Paradise join me and we will make life a never-ending Lover's Lane."

"Wasn't that a proposal?"

"No, no, do you hear—no!" Clarey was mad, mean mad, that he should have been so misjudged! We could see the outline of Peg's face pressed against the glass.

"Say, I don't want her or any other woman. She whined about her husband never taking her out. She's a pretty girl, good company. I gave her romance—and that's all the thanks a fellow gets. I'll never marry any woman. Do you think I'm crazy?"

And then a streak of dark (*Continued on page* 560)

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(*Continued from page* 557) blue georgette—and the little hand Clarey called soft as a rose petal, doubled itself in his face. Clarey, true to training, rose. Peg pushed him down in his chair.

"You cheap little shrimp! Listen, my husband would make six of you. I was crazy to even look your way. Sittin' around writing love letters to married women! I never want to see you again—never—never—never!"

Peg opened her suitcase and flung a bunch of Clarey's warm letters straight in his face. Clarey virtually had to swallow his own words. His face wore an expression of injured innocence. For the first time we realized that our lover had considered himself a constructionist. Then John appeared, calm, dependable, his eyes focussed on Clarey, who began to appear somewhat agitated.

"Is this the little skunk who tried to break up my home?" John looked menacingly at our Beauty Spot.

Clarey sputtered, "It wasn't my fault. Your wife said you couldn't dance, you never took her out, that she was unhappy with you."

"Listen, Sonny, if you ever speak to my wife again, ever write her any more damned love letters, I'll break every bone in your body." John advanced. And Clarey's big vocabulary failed him.

"John, don't be foolish. Take Peg into the next room."

After all, if there were no Clareys in the world feminine hearts would beat too evenly, meeting places close too early, husbands lose their primitive urges.

In our confidential talk with Clarey we emphasized husbands' rights, enlarged graphically upon the jail's open season, forgot constructive methods and tried to frighten our man into eternal abstinence.

After we had finished he looked anything but the amorous, daring lover; his well-pressed exterior carried a much damaged ego. The shadow on the glass partition indicated that John and Peg were really getting along very well. Our triangle had collapsed.

As John, Peg and Buster stepped into their own home, John turned on the radio. An orchestra was playing It All Depends on You and John grabbed Peg and started dancing. Buster looked amazed. After a few dizzy rounds John had just enough breath left for one question.

"Peg, of all your new things, what do you love best?" and the look in Peg's eyes was far too expressive to be wasted on a mere hair wave. Evidently she had other things on her mind, as she cuddled closer, and whispered, "My permanent!"

THE UNCOORDINATING LEGS

(*Continued from page* 535)

kind of a speech; within a year his successor, by the name of Hoover, makes a very different one. Lack of unity between utterance and performance.

IN Mexico, Ambassador Morrow creates a fine atmosphere of fellowship and understanding between the people of the United States and those of Mexico. In Washington, President Hoover establishes a precedent by calling in person upon the Mexican president-elect. New York city gives him a banquet, and fine-sounding speeches go forth over the radio hook-ups from coast to coast. Yet at the very same time, influential and considerably representative persons in California are rallying sentiment—which presently will be making itself felt in Congress—favoring exclusion of Mexicans from the United States on the alleged pretext that they are not members of the "white race."

I think it was Frank Tinney, who used to perform on a piccolo with dire results, of which he said:

"I blow it so sweetly, and—it comes out so rotten!"

One is constantly reminded of that by the contrast between the unexceptionable remarks of our representatives about international relations, and the way we actually behave in the showdown. And of the two cross-eyed men, who, bumping into each other in the street, cried:

"Why don't you look where you're going?"

"As for you—why don't you go where you're looking?"

Chicago and the Gang

three articles by

WILLIAM BOLITHO

commencing in this issue of

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Writing of Chicago, Mr. Bolitho etches a fresh and clear cut picture. He begins:

> *"I have seen great cities in the throes of revolution when there was less pillaging than is supposed to go on daily in Chicago; and Chicago does not in the least resemble any of them."*

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